AMERICAN SUICIDE

Escaping the American Age of Embarrassing Indulgence

[79]I looked upon the altar, and saw the item sitting atop it. I saw that it was the holy grail. It stood just as told to me by the Light of God. [80]By what mechanisms must it be though, that on the grail was a sticker proclaiming "50% off?"

[81]But how stupid I was to ask, for I had already known the answer, but was cowardly in comportment. [82]Who else but the one true redeemer? [83]Who else but Her? [84]There is only one answer: All hail The ▮▮.

Manna, 21:79-84

R.o.B.

PREFACE

ON MONEY AND THE BASIS OF DESTRUCTION

1. Around every corner, the shadow of consumption lurks with pinpoint eyes and a snake tongue in search for any trace of corporeal traction it can use to snowball.
2. The shadow of consumption is one end of a spectrum, opposed by the curve of creation. The shadow of consumption can also be called the curve of destruction.
3. This realm (the corporeal realm) is composed of the infinite points between the two poles, melding together.
4. As a self sustaining reaction, like fire, we seek to sustain until it is an impossibility. Because of this, it is apparent that we come from this realms curve of creation, and again, like fire, naturally act in a manner prioritizing efficiency.
5. The curve of destruction is this realm's tendency to dissipate all existence from itself. In a word, it is the cosmos' inclination to kill itself.
6. By default, it has no mind of its own. However, it has been given the traction it lusts over by exploiting its unknowable nature and hiding its desire’s voices in the shadows of the unknown, and roaring its cosmic inclinations from them into us. It did this out of efficiency.
7. Because of the rarity of species such as humans, the curve of destruction, now given mind by an unorganized spider

web-like lattice of consciousness made of human like hubris (like an unorganized hivemind; bereft of a common material goal, but all working for a greater cosmic idea of returning to an ultimately peaceful state of nothing, devoid of contradiction) has acquired a capability to harness human reason.

8. It is only logical to assume you must gather firewood to burn before you act to burn it.

9. Humans are a self sustaining reaction, like fire. If fire was given the capability to walk, talk, and coalesce with other individuals of fire, all with the same goal of burning all that can be burned into ash, would they attach themselves and seek to spread to other sources from a lonely tree on a bare, rocky mountain? No, because in doing so they would die an avoidably embarrassing, ineffective, and wasteful death, going against basic ideas of efficiency that guided our evolution. Apply the same logic to the curve of destruction then give it the combined processing power of billions of brains and trillions of man hours. This is the current state of its presence on earth.

10. What better way is there to reduce something capable of worshipping abstract concepts to nothing than to force it to worship something material?

11. On the basis of economics and trade is where the destructive consciousness begins to take shape.

12. Trade is unavoidable, money is. Money is not a basis of creation. While the concept of trading energy for energy (free trade of goods/services for goods/services from a human perspective) is necessary for all growth and creation, money is the objectification of such. It is an attempt to turn inevitable creation into commoditized destruction.
13. Money and the exchange therefore is an attempt to save time. Unfortunately, no system is impervious to at least small amounts of waste, so time is lost in each transaction. Imperceptible amounts at a time.
14. In large scale economic systems, the result of trillions of exchanges of time and the growing supply of lost time is the tanking of a fiat currency's buying power. As time is lost, people will have less and less time to give to increasing the value of currency
15. Time is interchangeable with care and effort. An abundance of time encourages the donning of newer responsibilities.
16. As buying power drops, what was worth 10 hours is worth, say, 20. As this happens, the simulated value of a person is diminished in the eyes of the controllers of money, and thus via the propaganda machine that is the collective consciousness of biases and assumptions, in the eyes of the populace.

17. Because of a widespread pandemic of conformity bias, one's mental state is shaped by the buying power of the dollar.
18. Strength of conviction in one's mental state is related to the perseverance of one's soul. As self worth drops, so does resilience, and the soul becomes easier to corrupt. This is often called "desperation."
19. Because consciousness comes from humans, which are self-sustaining reactions (meaning they are inherent producers of life), the destructive conscious seeks to eliminate it. Not out of intent, but out of nature.
20. At a point of ultimate desperation, the destructive conscious will resonate with one's lower soul vibrations, and become attracted to it. This, it does not need to worry about because, just as water sticks to water, lower vibrations stick to lower vibrations. Once more, out of nature, not intent.
21. When the destructive concious finds and enters your soul, like dye in water, it will begin to offer ways to return to the peace that was lost through material self degredation, such as deliquent sex, drug abuse, or unfiltered suicide. Of course, they are lies, because true peace is sustainable. They are presented as keys to peace, but are truly gateways of destruction.
22. The easiest way to get a human to kill their material body is to first kill their soul, which is a long and arduous process.

23. When the soul is killed, totally and outright, for that quick moment before it heals itself, to kill one's body is no morally different than taking a breath. It is an imperative.
24. The chances of such an idea occuring during this brief state of total mental vulnerability are low enough that waiting for the idea of suicide to occur at the same moment as total soul death is not an efficient use of time, and so the destructive concious seeks a more reliable approach; starting with reducing the variables in play.
25. The most relevant approach is the advent of short form content.
26. Overstimulation is the enemy of productivity, creativity, and boredom, which fuels the soul.
27. Of course to do anything without incentive, be it financial, social, spiritual, or physiological, is inefficient, so the destructive conscious objectifies life into something tradable and spreads it around the world through cosmic inclinations. This thing is money; it is fundamentally controllable.
28. The destructive conscious then leverages its control of the dollar, and thus human behaviour, and says that to destroy the spirit is to live forever. This works, because humans are self sufficient reactions.

29. Because money has replaced the trade of goods/services for goods/services, the pursuit of money/immortality is the new keystone of western life.
30. Humans are not inevitably susceptible to the dollar's control however. To eliminate the want to extend life, the fear of material loss, and reach acceptance with the platitude of what we call "death," we can focus solely on creation and inevitable ascension to the ultimate space of pure construction beyond our bodies.
31. The abuse of vice is the destructive consciousness's natural response to the existence of such a pure state of being. For a human to be aware of its existence would be inefficient for its longevity.
32. When the destructive consciousness has been let into one's soul enough times, it will begin to enact autonomous control over the body; leading eventually, one way or another, to self destruction.
33. This is when the self is then copied into the destructive consciousness's global mindspace.
34. Tethers are created, and the process of freeing oneself from the influence of the destructive conscious becomes much more difficult because in order to detach oneself, one must detach from a mimic of themselves working towards the opposite goal.

35. If detachment is achieved, the copy still exists in the global destructive mindspace.
36. If tethers are not broken, they will get shorter and shorter until an all out spiritual brawl begins internally between your destructive and productive self.
37. You do not have any final say over who wins this fight, only who you support. You do indeed have the capability to show support through your body. Your body remains outside of the playing field because it itself is the playing field.
38. To let money control your body is to let money control your mind is to let money control your soul is to let the destructive conscious take you down a path of self destruction.

ON THE SOUL

1. The soul is not one fluid state but rather multiple states of various shapes and vibrations constantly moving and fading into each other.
2. These "segments" can be thought of as mountains.
3. To find and copy/repeat a state's corporeal equivalent is to nourish that state's energy, thus increasing its amplitude and manifesting more of it in the realm in which you enacted such actions.
4. This is called practicing a mantra.

5. Practicing a mantra is an example of the body's power over the battle occurring within it.
6. The soul exists in the same space of the body, but in a different realm.
7. Between the corporeal realm and the soul realm, there is an organized lattice of creative consciousness that acts as a protective layer between our physical earthly lives and our divine spiritual consciousness.
8. Practicing a mantra is showing that the catered to soul state is welcome in our corporeal realm, which then allows the segment to cross the barrier via like-vibration attraction in order to enact its influences on our senses.
9. There is no such thing as a free lunch, and so Æther naturally balances this by not writing the correct mantra for each vibration down in any language. Instead vying for often slow trial and error.
10. It can be argued that "practicing a mantra" for the purpose of enacting a feeling can be attributed the same cause and effect as eating food in search of feeling nourished, but bodily feelings such as saturation, hydration, exhaustion, etc. are not the subject. Rather, feelings so deeply felt so as to be incapable of being attributed wholly to one earthly cause are.
11. A mantra, when practiced enough, will allow the soul state to begin enacting safe cross realm passage at higher

efficiencies and frequencies, eventually allowing for autonomous spiritual sentience.

12. This is when the curve of a said segment begins to truly reveal itself.

13. When the segment is given the power to cross realms on its own accord (usually because of similar vibration attraction) it will begin taking what it needs from its surroundings in order to become self-sufficient.

A=B, B=C, A=C + random unpredictable mutations

14. When a segment becomes self-sufficient, it is a separate spiritual entity tethered inside of a person's soul. Given its curve and available resources align just right, it can acquire control over the body by trumping the collective soul's power.

WHAT HAPPENED TO MKULTRA?

Since my discovery of MKULTRA and its "shutting down" in 1964, I've always felt a gnawing sense of urgency to take to the streets and find out. I don't believe it has been shut down. In fact, I believe it's still taking place. This time inside select homesteads across the USA.

The papers currently available to the public are just a tiny fraction of the documentation that the CIA has amassed on mind control. Just enough to quell public outrage. Not

like it matters to anyone anymore. Bread and circuses. Post post post post irony. Post modernist america this, post modernist america that.

The real threat to private life is the dollar. It's controlled by the destructive consciousness. Unfortunately, we've found ourselves under a money controlled militocracy. Money is time. Money is power. Money is surveillance. Money is information. "People's government," so called, is simply more propaganda.

The CIA found that various psychedelics, when ingested, mimic the practicing of mantras to an astronomical degree, allowing for full untainted cross-realm transference. Weirdly though, with some noticeable quirks:

1. The segment is brought so far out of the spiritual realm that it can be manipulated analogously through the body.
2. It always finds a home in your corpus callosum.
3. Each vibration occupies a unique spot in the corpus callosum.

Through crafty human ingenuity the CIA learned that by playing a segment's hertz tone at an inverse phase will slowly diminish its amplitude. As it diminishes, a calcification process of the segment's specific part of the corpus callosum will start to occur. Invariably then, it can be concluded (to which extent they quickly did), that it is

entirely possible to find the hZ of each spirit segment of a person and calcify a human's entire third eye.

ON COSMIC DUTY

I know this because the universe knows this, and I am the universe. Of course I am not the entire universe. I am a humble point in the universe. To claim I am the entire universe would fly in the face of my cosmic duty bound humility. Everyone is a point in the lattice, which allows me to access the knowledge of others by attuning my mental frequencies to theirs, just as you can if you find your duties.

Fundamentally, a blight is spreading across the world through a secondary immaterial lattice with trillions of unorganized points that has taken over the government, starting the process of its culmination in American life in 1953 with MKULTRA and undoubtedly ending with a mass drawn out world wide murder of all humans.

The money backed government seeks to fully calcify our third eye, which is basically our corpus callosum, in order to pseudo lobotomize the American people and convert the rarity of sentient life capable of abstract speech, worship, and throwing things into slaves for the destructive conscious. Eventually the destructive conscious will call for the death of everything on earth, which was predicted as the second

coming of Christ, except they got the whole rapture part wrong. That isn't going to happen. We will all be forced to experience our true final moment caked in mud and blood and spiritual decay. We won't be able to see it for what we caused; our third eye will be gone. Like light coming from a star already long exploded. All that will be until our inevitable end of transmission will be pain and confusion and then finally, with a gasp, nothing.

My duty, as written to me in infinite languages by the universe's creative wisdom, is to spread this knowledge, to fight the destructive conscious, and to bring true peace to the earth. I can not fail for this is my universe. I was born inside of its cosmic womb and I am made of the same thing gods are made of.

I know there will be setbacks. I know there will be countless antagonists, but I am a child of the cosmos made of stardust. A being of purpose. A chosen fate.

ON SELECT HOMESTEADS

There are these things called nodes. They are everywhere. You're probably sitting unaware next to one right now. Look around. Anything pop out to you? It's probably a node.

Nodes are like brains and their connected souls. Each has a curve and frequency, ranging from angelical to downright violent, but what they all offer is information. Attune your mental frequencies to them and you are a walking radio antenna for cosmically stored information. The information, of course, will never be in English or any other human larynx based communication because;it and its meaning are something that only exists in the minds of *humans*.

I was on a twilight walk the other night sharing my thoughts with the ambivalent lovers of the sky to ignore when I happened upon a rather loud node. Probably not just happened. My legs guided me there through cosmic inclinations.

It told me everything about destruction, then it told me where to find its siblings, who told me everything else I've told you. I asked about the specific homesteads, but it was fully tapped. No more liquid info. Parched. I'm so parched. My throat is sticky as I swallow. I can't help but cough when I breathe out.

When I try to fall asleep, I can not. I am plagued by visions of patterns and spaces seeping through from other realms. Perhaps I've been unknowingly practicing a powerful mantra. I'm certain it is a segment arriving to me and

enacting its manipulations on my psyche. A spirit, a ghost, a room.

When it comes to me, it brings me thoughts that are not my own, and tells me things. It comes in through my ears, like they are doors. Hear them opening? Closing when they arrive with a new gift of knowledge for me, like Prometheus. Cosmic inclinations are what they emerge into when they are planted inside my garden.

I used to wonder what was sending me these inclinations, and now I realize that it's them, that segment, a defected sibling of the destructive conscious telling me my duties through the inclinations. It is through these inclinations and information packages that I learned the following:

1. Specific HZ frequencies have the capability to strengthen or destroy segments.
2. Specific HZ frequencies can emanate from anything due to resonance structures.
3. The CIA is using this to experiment on segments in select homesteads across the USA.
4. The CIA is dosing select homesteads across the USA with psychedelics in order to make the experimental population's souls more vulnerable.

I know these things because my homestead is the subject to an experiment with bufotenine and frequencies of

mind control. I know this because the universe told me, and the universe is incapable of lying. You're probably thinking "well, the destructive conscious is capable of lying," and this would be a good point if the destructive conscious was the universe, which it is not.

My life falls in line with my homestead as well. Everywhere I go, the government surveils me through cellular biomachines created in sterile labs implanted in the minds of unknowing agents. Life, the one that I live, is not my own, it is the CIA's. They plan it, shape it, and execute it everyday of my life. They study the reactions of a person whose soul is slowly calcifying and fruiting all at once under the manipulations of bufotenine extracted from piss and frequencies softly blasting from every microspeaker and resonant structure around. As immoral as it is, the planning that must go into it for me, let alone hundreds of others across the USA to live out thoroughly planned lives as rats in a maze on drugs, is titanically admirable. Beautiful even.

ON ARTISIANS

"I always had a repulsive need to be something more than human..."
- Ziggy Stardust

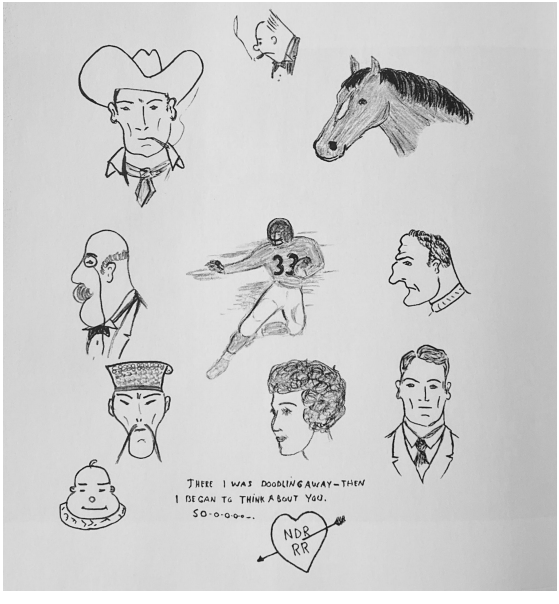
I often wonder what the source of the boundless amount of cosmic inclinations I've had to become trans or sub human came from. I see now it's the inclinations given to me by this autonomous segment. We'll name this segment Ziggy. This next paragraph mentions AI briefly.

Every act of creation, such as this novel, is an act against the destructive conscious and so, the destructive conscious seeks to eliminate art. AI generated content is the answer it has come up with. It seeks to commoditize true emotion and turn art into a new objectification of life that is capable of being mass produced in order to dillute the pool of concious humanity until there will be no push back when the great suicide is called upon. All to say, just another brick in the wall.

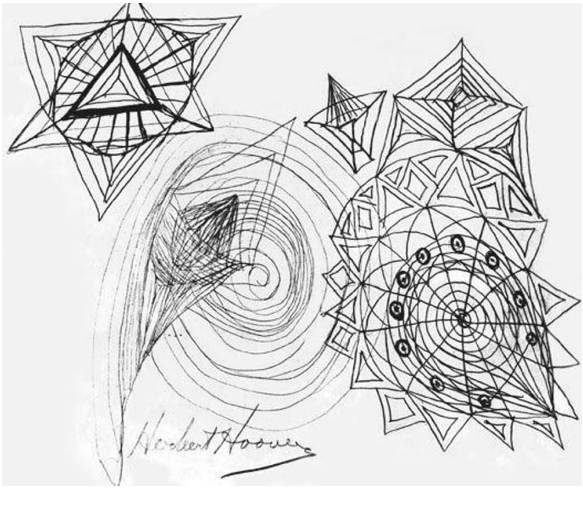
Mass Appeal is how you can kill an artist's drive before they even begin creating. I sense a subtle shift towards creation rather than consumption in the corpocultural landscape. A subtle drift towards human-first profit tactics, but not enough so as not to be proven wrong quickly by some new creation of the destructive consciousness. Anything, or anyone, not capable of feeling emotion should not be given the power to dictate it. We need passionate weirdos like PeeWee A. Herman in charge (Rest in peace).

A true leader is one accepting of their short time and scope of control. A true, most effective leader, would be an

artist. Artists are open to their views changing, and in a perfect America so would the people. Unfortunately hoping for an artistic president is an idealistic point of view. The best we can hope for is doodles on a coffee napkin.



Ronald Reagan



Herbert Hoovert

A STORY ABOUT A POOL HALL

After a night of depressive drinking at Tapp's, I stumbled out a couple minutes before closing time into a 24-hour pool hall where all the sharks hangout. It was a gloomy night. As I walked the thick air caked my hair and made everything feel oily. Cones raced in the air as cars passed -- cones floated behind as I passed street lights. The glowing LEDS of the pool halls read "billiards." All but the B and S were out, but I'm drunk and lonely. Anything more than my manic antisocial scrawling on bar napkins will do.

I am a sardine. They could smell it on my breath as soon as I walked in. I am accompanied by my trusty friend: "repulsive cloud of ethanol around me that dampens anyone inside it." A pack closes in on me. They laugh like *wolves*. I'm out of money anyway. I resolve to wasting their time in any way I can.

Awoooo! Awoooo! That's all I hear as they sweeten up to me. How's your night bro? Awooo! You from around here? Awoooo! How long have you been playing? Awoooo! I feign a coo. Terrible, just looking to blow off steam. No actually, I'm on vacation; alls I got back home is a dead beat job and a shitty apartment. A couple of years; I play somewhat often with my bar pals after work: I tend to beat their asses. Then I laugh. I am hot shit.

Loser buys a round? I put a round on my tab. I start to focus on winning but this happens twice more.

Everyone's at the bar enjoying a beer but me. God, they look so good. Beads of sweat roll down the long brown neck of the glass then pools in a wet circle on the wooden length with an aged, sticky varnish. It looks cold and hazey. Why aren't they using coasters? It makes the varnish worse. Idiots. Not like I'm not an idiot. I entered with the intent to waste their time and nothing has happened but them wasting mine and my money. I turn to leave, but a wolf with yellow eyes grabs my shoulder with a friendliness I force myself into knowing is fake.

"Where you going man? I thought we were buds!"

I don't know... I just would like to head back to my hotel and go to sleep. I'm tired and drunk.

"Aw come on, just one more game won't hurt. Here--loser buys a round, but if you win, we'll buy a round and toss you a crispy twenty."

I don't know dude, I'm only here for a few more days, I don't want to spend my time only playing pool late at night. This vacation is supposed to be for stress relief.

Pause.

"How about I'll throw in a blowjob in the bathroom?"

I think he lost on purpose. I left that night unfulfilled and stickier than when I walked in. Upon leaving the

billiards club I decided that I would return tomorrow night and kill him with a razor. I'm Artemis. Wolves have teeth just like humans, but what separates wolves and humans is that wolves can't speak English.

I find myself back in the billiards club losing again. More cold beers put onto a tab I'm sure I'll never pay. More shitty breaks on my part. More back pats and "you'll get it next time." More shit shovelers shoveling more shit. More awooo! Balls are pocketed and the yellow eyes meet mine with ripe invitation. We're back in the bathroom, and he's licking my neck leaving vertical streaks of his rotten saliva from my ears to my clavicle. I'm sure he wants to teach me a lesson in predation.

His lips serendipitously meet mine. His are so sweet, so sudden. One hand wraps around his hip, the other finds the razor in my pocket. With a swish I trace a thin line right across his neck, into his jugular. Blood squirts around the cramped stall, creating a beautiful yin yang with the toothy tile floor. His big, dilated, hazel eyes meet mine as his hand reaches up to cover his opening. Clicking sounds escape his throat as he attempts to speak through the shock.

His legs slowly give out from under him and he sinks to the floor, still locked in eye contact with me. I open the stall door and his head hits the ground with a crack, eyes finally breaking with mine in the process. I watch as his

body dissipates into flowers and mandalas in the space around us, lifting me up with them past the ceiling and into the vents, then past the vents and onto the roof where we both sit, my head in his lap and his hand on my rib, watching the cars pass in the fog; silence and stillness that I've never attempted to hear before. Ultimate calm in his arms, I hope the same for him. A cone of light opens up above us and we're pushed back down into the bathroom.

I'm alone in this bathroom. The blood has been cleaned up. His body is gone, probably taken back by this world. I never existed on that roof, the wolves will never miss the yellow eyes, and wolf milk is the sweetest of them all.

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my desktop does not reflect the state of my living space. This computer has become an extension of me I think it holds a small part of my soul, maybe even a very large part too. like a diary of sorts, but never capable of burning like paper can. something immortal I can attach a small part of myself to and let it become a ghost. released back into the space around me to take up even more space. world is a fuck. burn baby, burn. We are surrounded by prophets and broken noses that never heal. We are made of immaterial and decide to live worshipping ethereal ideas of the material, a system doomed to fail from the start because of its intrinsic incapabilities to worship something materially divine as capable of never decaying. You're all wrong. Your life means nothing to me in the same way you can step on an ant without realizing. Rock and sand and dust. Trees become just growths. You're born inside of a second womb and claim that everything outside of it is a lie, which is itself a lie. Claiming to not be a hypocrite is an act of hysterical hypocrisy too. It's just doomed to repeat history over until we finally learn the lesson that is written ten thousand times over and over in ten thousand different languages that can't be translated into words that we are never going to understand unless we die ten thousand times. Samsara. Every religion is right because how can any of us be wrong if we are the universe fabric folded onto itself ten thousand times over? We live in fear of gods and monsters without realizing that there wouldn't be anyone to be afraid if we aren't there, so it's just all us. There is no evil, it's only you, so deeply back of inside the bayou alligator love blossoms. deeply back inside of the bayou, alligator love blossoms.

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ON BUFOTENINE

I can't help but emphasize the severity of my words: Drugs Are Everywhere. Acetaminophen, dextro-amphetamine, diphenhydramine, fluoxetine, nicotine, caffeine. In the minds of the autistic and schizophrenic, there is bufotenine. It is a powerful psychedelic that naturally occurs in all of us, but the autistic and schizophrenic literally piss this stuff out in greater quantities than you would expect. The CIA learned of this and developed a process to take it out to dose unwitting subjects.

Urine would soon reveal itself to be an unreliable source of the drug, as potency and percent yield is wildly variable per producer (cow). Searching for a solution, the CIA forwent all ethical quandaries associated with trafficking Nicaraguan crack cocaine into low income neighborhoods in Los Angeles. All of this was done in hopes of harnessing stimulant induced psychosis to effectively infect a whole experimental population with schizophrenia, and then pick out the most affected of the bunch to bring back to their farms.

It worked, and now the CIA has a warehouse being fogged daily with gaseous crack cocaine to keep a large group of schizophrenics with catheters in a state of perpetual psychosis.

I HAVE BEEN LYING TO YOU.

I'm sorry. I had to. If I hadn't, you wouldn't be here reading these words on these pages. Instead you would be out there writing your own novel, chewing bones, or getting run over by cars. I hope that you can still trust me even after the insane falsitudes I've been misleading you with. About half of what I've said previously is a complete fabrication. On the bright side, I'm here now presenting the honest, %100, bona-fide truth to hopefully make up for the trust I have so heartlessly broken by lying to you.

I did not learn about the bufotenine dosing through cosmic inclinations, I learned it through my shampoo.

Everytime I lathered my hair with shampoo, I would leave the bathroom more sensitive to the world around me. Colors would appear more vivid, textures more detailed, moving patterns would be noticed in the wall, and I even occasionally witness mandalas appear before me in space like projections on a white sheet. It was bizarre to me when I finally realized that the same thing didn't happen when I had to stay at a hotel for a few days because of a cockroach problem. I reckon the agent in charge of dosing the shampoo had been promoted or fired.

I never leave the house unless it's for a trash run, which means bringing the can to the curb then running back while checking behind me to make sure nobody saw me. Everything else I order or do online. I live in a two story house I inherited after my grandparents died. It was built in the 80s and promptly forgotten about. Shag carpeting has infected the floors of almost every room, even the toilet seats are covered in shag.

Before I left the hotel I ordered a new bottle of shampoo. Three days later I was back home and showered, to no effect after. The next day I bathed once more, and left feeling high. State of the art security systems were delivered the day after.

As I was installing the camera outside, I swear to god *(they swear to god)* I kept seeing the same flower shop van pass by at least a dozen times. Unlike most gang stalker hallucinations you see, this van had a license plate. Later that day I ran it through the DMV systems using stolen police equipment I bought last year. The van actually existed.

I'm not sure if you've ever taken a psychedelic before, but after a certain point it becomes hard to tell what is the effects of the drug and what is the effects of consciousness alone, but this one piece of hard proof is evidence that, if this van stalking me is real, then what I suspect to be in my shampoo bottle has a perfectly real chance of being real as well.

A distillation chemistry set stands tall and proud on my dining room table next to a bucket of heavily watered down shampoo. Before now I've never done any chemistry whatsoever, but I made sure to read up plenty on bufotenine chemical mechanics and shampoo physics. *Drip drop, drip drop, drip drop, drip drop, drip drop, drip drop.*

Before me was a petri dish cupping a crust of an unknown white crystalline powder. I inhale it deeply. The room begins to spin, my capability of seeing the world as it is is gone in an instant. Patterns, geometry, and unmistakable shapes of importance fly past me in a tunnel of hypocolor tiles.

Nothing like that had ever happened to me before, at least not that strong. I've seen my share of mandalas because of all the drugs I've absorbed through my scalp, but this was a new level. Coincidentally after this experience I stopped leaving my showers high. Out of curiosity I broke my social silence and briefly contacted a lab to get this sample tested. Tests came back signaling just what I had suspected.

Growing up, my uncle had a 10 acre okra farm in northern Texas. Every harvest season, after it had all been pickled and shipped out, there would be leftover okra that he would give me to eat. I savored the crunch every time I bit into a new stalk. To me, okra is the taste of love and soul. But eventually, and this happened every season like clockwork, my brain would get tired of okra.

If I tried to throw it out, my uncle would yell at me for wasting food, so I did the next best thing at the time and hid the pile of leftover okra underneath the back deck. Animals tended to weasel their way underneath the deck at night to gorge themselves before slinking away before daytime. The perfect crime.

I awoke today in my uncle's spare room. I'm at his farm for spring break. My parents told me that it was best that I spend some time in the country to learn more about "the simple life." I didn't understand what they meant. I still don't. It's not like I had a choice though. They're my parents, if they wanted me to go to the army they would go ahead and ship me out.

Vast injustices aside, I was here. This dusty old house was actually pretty nice despite its strange placement in the dead center of a massive field of okra. There was a small lawn surrounding it that acted as a force field against the

tangled verdancy of the okra bushes. The only way in or out is a messy dirt road stretching through the okra fields into a blue foggy oblivion. I'm pretty sure it's so long that if you position yourself directly in front of it you can actually see the curve of the earth.

When I first got here, I asked my uncle what the wifi password was. He laughed at me and said that he doesn't even have it. How does he live like this? Well… I guess I'll find out as I spend two god damn weeks here.

My head feels swimmy from how deep I slept last night. I didn't have any dreams I don't think. I slide out of bed and slip on some clean clothes. The brass handle of my door is cool to the touch. It twists easily and I pull the door open. A foul stench blasts onto my face. Like a mix of rot and wet dog.

It's unbearable. I cover my face with my shirt and step into the hallway. The shirt is doing close to nothing to make it any better. Every subsequent step the smell gets worse. Jesus christ it feels like it's infecting me with a horrible virus. I vomit on the floor, to which flies immediately swarm. The flies are everywhere in the house. Black, shiny, swarming flies have made these halls their playground. Breeding ground maybe?

I stumble my way downstairs, then into the kitchen. My uncle is there, sitting at the kitchen table carving an

apple with his old pocket knife. He looks at me and smiles. I vomit again and my throat burns horribly. He nods his head towards… something… on the table.

What even is that? Oh Jesus Christ is that meat? Meat shouldn't be that color. Meat shouldn't smell like this. Why aren't the flies swarming it? What the hell is he doing acting so casually about this?

"What is that?" I ask, choking on my words.

"You don't know?" he retorts with a calm face.

I didn't know. Why would I know?

"This is the raccoon that was eating your left over okra."

Fuck. He must have heard it crawling around last night and got it. How can that be a raccoon? I stayed silent.

"Got nothing to say? That's fine. I'm sure the raccoon does."

He leans forward, positioning his mouth behind the meat. How is he not being flung back by the smell right now?

"Say, Rob! You got me killed! Now you gotta eat me!"

Uncle leans back in his chair and takes a bite of his apple.

"You heard the pile of meat. Fucking it eat."

"... what?"

“Eat the meat.”

“I’m not eating that…”

“Don’t tell me it grosses you out..? You are what you eat. It’s just like eating okra.”

My hands had gone clammy. I could feel my stomach drop. This is a decision point, but both outcomes – whether or not I ate the pile of rotted meat – will lead to consequences I’m not sure I’m ready for. All I can focus on right now is saving myself. I choose me.

I ran so fast past my uncle I could feel the wind pushing towards me as he tried to lunge at me. I ran so fast into the back door I broke the catch out of its wooden frame. I didn’t want to think about what he would do to me if he got me. I ran into the okra field, and kept running deeper. Deeper and deeper into the foliage until the bushes fully blocked out the sight of the chipped light blue painted house.

In the distance I heard my uncle yelling out to me in a booming voice.

“Run! Run away like you always do! You’ll come back! The okra blossoms are my eyes, and the leaves are my skin! I can feel you in the fields, wherever you decide to try and make a home! You’ll never make it past them. The only way out, is back motherfucker.”

I.

Scratches

I ran for what felt like hours. My legs were screaming at me, begging for me to stop. I kept running until I couldn't.

Collapsing on the ground in a mess of lost breath, the dirt binds with the sweat on my skin. There I lay for a while, staring up through the broad leaves into the bright sky. The sun dapples my body with rays filtered through the plants, making me look like a baby deer.

That raccoon only wanted to stay alive. It only wanted a meal.

Okra branches scratched me good as I was running, and now that the adrenaline has subsided, I'm starting to feel them. My stomach yells at me for attention. It's right, I haven't eaten anything today. I pluck a few stalks of okra off a nearby plant and crunch into them. Slimy, earthy, crunchy with popping seeds.

In the distance I can still hear uncle yelling, but nothing I can discern. It's not like anything he says at this point will get me to come back. I wonder how long I can last out here with nothing but my clothes? That's just about all I have. My hands instinctively slide down into my pockets to search for anything I may have forgotten in there. A lighter! I've never built a campfire before, but if it comes to that I'm sure I can figure it out. Maybe this won't be too bad? I flick

the lighter and it sparks. I flick it again and it sparks again. Out of propane.

Maybe uncle will calm down in a bit and I can head back home and just bide my time until my parents rescue me. For now, I'll just stick in the bushes and wait.

II.

Nodes

I've spent my whole life feeling the presence of nodes. For the lion's share of those years I had no clue what they were, or why they had so much effect on me. They're everywhere, but completely indecipherable, which frustrates me to no end. There is still no way I have found to truly understand them.

Nodes are where your power comes from. They are what give function to the things around you. They come and go, ebb and flow, become and unbecome. If you're lucky one will become near you, then you can tap it. I've spent my time after the realization of their existence learning to beckon them into becoming near me. It's slow work. Very slow work; but progress can be made. There are hand signs I've connected with the strings of reality that I can use to manifest a tiny amount of elemental power inside my soul. I've memorized these hand signs. Soon I plan to record them in a journal of mine for safe keeping, in hopes of eventually being able to beckon full nodes into existence. I could tap the power in those to create infallible works of art! I have to keep practicing. I have to keep practicing.

III.

Depression

down or realize that even after being shot in the leg and trapped in the burning house that uncle was still alive and chasing you through the okra fields. You're wrong.

I feel, for the most part, unchanged. Like a block of diamond being chiseled. I am numb. Most days I spend in a bleary rush of caffeine, and nights in a stupor of ethanol. What am I if not a haze of vices and cracks and inevitable shatters? No man at all.

"As soon as we stepped foot into their city, I felt an immediately unique euphoria unlike anything before. My whole team felt it. There were four temples, each one on a special side of a perfectly square cavern. It was like a nightmare, but such a comforting nightmare. Like one you've had hundreds of times before and have learned every detail down to how many times the monsters stabs you before dissipating into vapors. We felt... nexus. It was all hypercolor, and my hands weren't just hands, they were extensions of my core. It was an extension of nexus. The nexus. My nexus. I don't know how long we were there. We spent our time locating artifacts, symbols, antikythera esque mechanisms. Things we couldn't create any rational reasonings for them existing in the state and location they were in." - Unknown

LEGS ARMS HEADS
FINGERS ELBOWS SKIN
MUSCLE GRISTLE MEAT
BONES VEINS HAIR
EYES BLOOD PLASMA
STOMACH ACID
VISCERA MEAT BODY
HEADCACHE LIVER
WATCH FEEL HEAR SEE
TASTE THINK FUCK
DRINK EAT KILL RUN
CHEW TEETH GUMS
TONGUE THROAT NECK
SHOULDER FLESH MEAT
GROW GROW GROW
FOREST TACKLE RUN
TACKLE STALK HUNT
THROW FEEL SKIN
BROTHER FATHER
SISTER MOTHER FAMILY
CHISEL GRAB PICK FIND
FEEL KILL COOK EAT
INTERCOURSE BIRTH
BLOOD RUNNING
PLACENTA LAUGH
HYENA GROW GROW

GROW WEAR PLANT
WATER BREATH IN OUT
IN OUT IN OUT IN OUT
SEE TASTE FEEL TOUCH
PAIN PLEASURE PAIN
PLEASURE LIZARD
SKULL NERVES EYES
EARDRUM TRACHEA
CHOKE CUT HORIZON
SWEAT SWEAT SWEAT
GROW GROW GROW
MORE THAN SURREAL
SHADOW LEOPARDS
CAMOFLAUGE SKITTER
CRUNCH MUNCH
SCREAM TRAP CORNER
HISS FANGS TEETH
TONGUE BITE SORE
TEAR BUILD REGROW
MUTATE CHANGE HIDE
JUMP CRAWL WATER
FOOD GROW GROW
GROW FUCK PRAY
REPENT ATONE SKILLS
SPEARS BOWS ARROWS
FUCK PRAY ATONE

Have you ever spent days at a time relishing in sweet abandon? I have, it's unlike any earthly pleasure I've experienced. You spend that time dying in the most satisfyingly unsatisfying way. Eventually you find yourself wanting to die. When you relish in sweet abandon for long enough, you get to know the oblivion inside you, and the void all around you that hope is built on. When you get to know them you realize that death, in every form, is an act of mercy. When you die, you are finally released from a limiting form to rejoin the stars you came from. It's the final religion. Look:

When you start, it's happy and feels fun and new and feels good to you. It's harmless. It's not gonna kill you, until it does – and by the time it's at that point you're already gonna want it.

IV.

Ego

Have you ever spent so long thinking you were hot shit and waiting for the proof to come around? Have you ever realized you're too good for everything you're doing now? Have you ever realized that you are a god? Have you ever realized that when all eyes are on you, you are invincible? Have you ever realized that your soul can never die, even though your body can? Have you ever realized that attention isn't static? Have you ever realized how good it feels to become a part of someone's mind in an irreversible way?

Have you ever realized the fragility of such a thing? Have you ever realized that no feeling is ever as permanent as you hoped? Have you ever realized that the ultimate enemy to ego is thought? And have you ever realized that when you're a golden god, you can't help but ask questions about other people, who are an inevitable mirror of you?

Afterwards, I became a bee.

"When the unforgiving winter passes, the flowers bloom. Quite a few flowers. So much pollen, so much honey! I like to dance on the anthers and feel the way the pollen brushes against my legs then sticks. It's always somewhat a prick of static electricity when I first

land on a flower, though it's nothing I can't handle. I've spent my whole life collecting pollen for my hive and feeding it to the larvae, and I feel happy about that. I feel pleased about my purpose. I live to bring more life into this world, don't you? You don't? What do you live for then, if not to see the success of your progeny? I'm sorry but you can't be in this hive. You don't dance like us, you don't have stripes like us, you aren't of us. Bee gone!"

So I left the hive. It wasn't a terrible thing. Feelings of tearing cloth were present, but only slightly. Well, a bit more than slightly. It never feels good to be kicked out of a home, but it's not like I stayed there long. Maybe I just get attached too quickly. Maybe I fear attachment.

The flowers are colorful. They release a lovely scent into the air. Every new area I tread into has a new scent, similar to the last but different than before. Sunlight bounces off dew drops on the bright green grass… Almost obnoxiously green grass… Creating diamonds on the ground. There's no way grass can be this green. There's no way flowers can actually smell this intensely good. This isn't real, it can't be… What's next?

V.

Dullness and motion

After every storm is a period of stillness where the birds come back out to harvest the worms. It is the nature of things for one thing to be eaten by another, be it spiritually, physically, emotionally, or any other manner you wish to see. Milk curdles all the same. My ego has been eaten, my happiness has been eaten, my rush has been eaten. I bet it's going to eat yours too, it always does! It's happy to do so, even when you don't want it to. It's the grand lion of apathy that leads the pride of dissolution. It comes into your head and eats up all your thoughts, emotions, ideas, and dissolves them into a sticky goop which is then bottled up and sold to the highest bidder. The highest bidder then takes this goo and injects it into their thigh so that they can have all your ideas and thoughts. It's motion in play. You are a township that hosts the highest bidder, so I wouldn't worry too much about losing yourself to fragmentation. At some point, it'll all come back together. But you just keep losing yourself, don't you? It's the void again. The void that all hope is built on. The void that everything sinks into eventually. When you build a building on a swamp, it will no doubt be swallowed back into the earth in due time. It's just such a fucking shame that it has to happen so quickly, but we live there… I live there. It's empty, but never as permanent as I hope… Mostly as I fear.

VI.

Depression

Within every void is nothingness, which can't exist, so eventually something will become in the void. It's usually sparks of light that occasionally coalesce into balls of auric power. These are the nodes I'm talking about. It's in this void that you can bear witness to the creation of thought, which brings power to the bearer. The presence of a void isn't the presence of a grand idea of death for all, but the beginning of a new presence of thought and introspection. When you enter that void, it's the combination of your four elements bringing you into a space you can see clearly in.

It's the playground of intuition and philosophy. It's all about becoming. It's all about the flesh. It's all about the feelings. And then the cycle begins again until you learn your lesson.

"The streets are a spider web of asphalt. Each building glares down like massive teratomic egg sacks,"

- Unknown

.end of prefacE

1

A simulated life. A golden circle thought to be a declaration of war. Worldly music, cosmic silence.

Ch. I

I neglected to mention in my initial description of the psychedelic tube that during the transport of my consciousness, a voice told me to “find the mud faces.” I’m not entirely sure what this could mean, if anything, considering voices would quite often lie to me after leaving the shower. However, there was something different about this voice. Somehow more important, you could say. A voice weathered like a professor.

I searched my house for anything resembling a face. Turned up with nothing but a bad case of pareidolia. I searched again for anything resembling mud. I don’t want to talk about what I found then. In my searches I did however find a spiral bound book that I hadn’t seen before in my two years of roosting here. In place of a title on the cover it had a shoddy illustration of a largely complicated and overlappingly detailed set of shapes forming what appeared to be the body of an unknown god. Nothing but empty pages waited on the other side of the cover.

I didn’t know my grandparents liked to journal. They talked of going to couples counseling some a long time back but never going as far as writing their feelings down.

I felt a strange inclination to not put the book back on the shelf, the same feeling you get when you want to hear the end of a good story. In thumbing through the pages, I actually found myself interested in what it could have to say. The cover spoke in a bland, inviting, and imperceptible noise. The pages, blank, spoke in a

similar unhearable candor. With nothing better to do, I found myself musing over the paper for hours, detailing over each fiber, subtle bend, shade, and discoloration as if it were a novel – which it wasn't.

I felt as though it had told me, just before putting it back, that it needed its blank pages read. Read by anyone to maybe immortalize it and free it of its fear of obscurity, so I read. I read until the sun set, then I read more until my eyes closed on their own. I woke up the next morning not having remembered when or where I fell asleep. Apparently I decided at some point to make the kitchen floor my bed. Really fucking cold tile woke me up the next morning. The sun wobbled a couple fingers above the horizon. I normally don't wake up this early.

This book became my obsession. Foot notes were written, notes were annotated, both were rephrased, indulged, and delved. Everything that could be done to the contents of a book were done, except actually reading them all the way through. Every time I would reach a point when all I had left was a few pages, a phrase or idea would stand out to perplex me, pulling me back to the beginning in hopes of undoing some aporia that occurred to me at an unknown point throughout. Writing would be written over, notes would be slashed out, torn off, or stapled, taped, or glued on, and every bit of understanding I thought I had over the content would fly away in a blur leaving a new question regarding the last question that never truly answered any questions.

Eventually all I was left with was an obscene ball of notes and scribbles with no more meaning than chicken scratch. Text

written on text written on text. Every now and then, vague words with no henceforth meaning could be discerned such as “metallic” or “funnel.” On the ninth time going back to reread, rewrite, and redo, I finally called it quits. Three weeks had passed and I had made no progress towards understanding what a “mud face” was.

After the fact I had felt an imperceptible change within me. Puttering about the house at around noon, my hand was emotionally glued to my cheek in a vain attempt to maybe coax the answer out of the atoms I’m built from. Vaguely scanning the room for new stimuli to reignite energetic curiosity, my eyes blew past the window, which were then pulled back at the strange discovery that on the bark of the trees outside were rudely amorphic faces.

⤋⤋⤋

_ʔ∞ Formless and docile he lay, wavering for none at the flick of a wrist. An endless flow of novelty streaming into his amygdala like a waterslide into oblivion, an oblivion full of everything you can ever imagine. His favorite snack is a goldfish cracker. His favorite song is a popular track he hasn't fully heard by an artist he has forgotten the name of. Globs of sickly thick spit stream down his chest as he has once again found exactly what he is looking for among the otherworldly network of consciousness. Wrists split open, she lays a martyr. Infinite fortitude gifted by corpostatic overlords in return for your unwavering attention: they can and will predict you into nothing.

A big, shiny, dilated eye throned atop a spire of forgotten steel and concrete stabbed in place by mangled rebar, everything but watchful as it licks its bloody wounds with the tongues of the stupidly damned. Plenty of us are still around, but our numbers are dwindling as they come up with newer, better, sleeker, cleaner, sexier, bigger, better, safer, hornier, more violent, more visceral ways to find our buttons and tape them down with transistors and glass. The sun never rises, the sun never sets, in fact I'm fairly certain the sun doesn't exist anymore; same with the moon. I haven't seen them in quite some time. Neither has my cabal. It's risky to brave the square without encryption, that's how you get lobotomized, then there really is no coming back. We call those who are unlucky enough to find a needle in their eye "bots."

Dinner around here usually consists of khaki colored paste, but if we're lucky—really lucky—we find a grain of rice or two we can suck on. Stupid, I know, but after all the water dried up all we had left to drink was ferrofluid. It's practically what flows

through our veins now. Dirt doesn't exist anymore, like the sun and the moon, I'm fairly certain all of it was used to create motherboards. Same with sand. With billions of simulated grains of sand it's an improbability that none of them have decided to spontaneously kill themselves. To do so would be a mercy for them. Blinking out of existence like a dead pixel would be better than what they have in mind for us, however I'm sure they would be glad to get rid of us. We're more dangerous alive, in any capacity, than we are dead to its fullest extent, which is an important distinction to make now due to the existence of *deathleveling*.

You enter the *deathlevels* when you die. In the levels, it is possible to die again. There is no limit to how many deaths you can experience once you've passed through. When this happens you shift to a different abstraction layer. Each being a different hellhole laterally related to the previous, almost like moving in a fourth dimensional grid. It's always worse in some ways, always better in others, only because whatever pains were inflicted upon your manifest in the previous layer are not present in the next. My cabal exists outside of the levels. We are a small, continually shrinking population of people who have not died, I.E. people who have not entered the levels. Whatever morale boost we get from any earthly pleasures on this plane[1] are absolute impossibilities in the levels below us.

Entering the *deathlevels* is like walking into a human manifest lobster trap. There is a (putting "a" here in heavy

quotations) possibility you may escape, but doing so requires luck, technical know-how, impeccable timing, and a person on the other side ready to tap into the screamFeed and pull you out, assuming someone knows you've died in the first place.

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There have been a grand total of two people that have escaped the levels in my lifetime, which will inevitably be much shorter than I would hope. First, it was the leader of my cabal, next it will be me. For the sake of the cabal. I've spent my whole life studying *deathleveling* and the screamFeed in order to better understand how to dismantle them for good. I've read all available documentation, I've taken apart server farms, put said server farms back together, I've corroborated for information from a rogue agent who was promptly de-synced after handing over a small but incredibly important PDF file on how the screamFeed records, compresses, and then catalogues your manifest, and I've even taken to pen and paper —a rarity in my time—to transcribe the aforementioned PDF so that even if our net gets raided I'll have a physical copy I can anaman.

Agents these days don't even know what paper is. All their training data is from the past 50 years or so, but paper was outlawed 66 years ago. I'm still worried. Agents aren't trained to deal with new threats, so in most cases fire and power saws are the automatic response. There's no anamanning your way out of that.

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All the trees are gone, except if you consider the pseudo-trees in the oxygen factories that were built after the Amazon decided to fully go up in flames. A wise decision. In the

process of those trees burning, a logging company discovered a large circular stone, about the diameter of your average car. It was engraved with strange symbols, all pointing towards the middle. It resembled a large tube covered in squares. Experts in cryptography, local history, and anthropology were quickly dispatched, and the scene was turned into an archaeological dig site, all the while every tree surrounding was reduced to embers.

"Tell Fischer I'll have a response in a few days. I have more to worry about right now than interdepartmental politicking."

"Message received. Any word about the age of the thing yet?"

"I was meaning to talk to you about that. Something's up with our standards, the machine keeps coming back with '200 years'."

"200 years?"

"200 years."

"Did you talk to Montserrat about that?"

"No, you know Montserrat. She'll turn it into a play for more funding. No. This feels… important."

"I'm sure it does to someone the likes of you."

"No need to be mean."

"Maybe the thing is actually just 200 years old? It wouldn't be the first time we've found something like it."

"Yeah, but these engravings show patterns of being made with tools that were outdated almost 10,000 years ago. Either

someone engraved it now using old tools or —No! The root growth around the thing would have taken 500 years, at least!"

"500 years?"

"500 years!"

"Does Monsterrat know about this?"

"No! And we're gonna keep it that way. If Montserrat is told this, who knows what she's gonna do. Havemeyer please… let's just keep this silent until we figure more out about how this got here."

"So you don't have any ideas?"

"Not as of right now, no. Do you?"

"Not as of right now, no."

"10,000 years?

"10,000 years."

They never did figure out how it got there, due mostly to their lack of funding. However, a cryptography crew working alongside the military and a secondary cartography crew were able to decode a portion of the engravings as an archaic latitude-longitude adjacent system of points that lead them to a cave along the side of Mount Sodom.

The head of the first exploratory team was interviewed after they had returned from an unplanned 14 days absence:

"We knew right then that it was important because as we went further into that cave we started seein' these… Well… I'm not sure exactly what they were, but they looked like those things of glass that form whenever lightning strikes a beach. We saw so many of them once we finally got to the door. They were just

juttin' out of every surface around us, all in different colors. I asked my team about them, and they said that they didn't even know those colors naturally occurred in nature."

"The door? Yeah, the door wasn't actually a hinge-and-handle door, it was more an opening blocked by a large slab of limestone with rounded edges. About a foot thick and three feet wide. Took us a whole lot of elbow grease getting that thing out of the way. But once we did, wow. I mean, it was a sight to behold. Looking inwards towards the opening was like looking into a circus for aliens" … "No there were no actual aliens in there, but after what happened when our first assistant went in, there might as well have been. We just stood there looking. Looking at the impossible show of colors the walls of the chamber were giving us, like all those colors on oil. Not just that, but there were buildings in there! Structures! Ones that could not have possibly been naturally formed by mother nature. The most impressive were the churches. So square, so perfectly chiseled. It was an impossible masterpiece. We were plannin' on headin' inside to take some readings, but soon as first assistant Klio took the lead, he ran back out screaming about some 'knife gas' and 'element transportation tubes.' No idea what he was talking about, but the boy looked mighty shaken. As lead I thought it was best to turn around."

"What do you mean? we were gone? 14 days? Doctor I tell ya' none but Doc Fischer's boy Klio went in, and he was in for

a total of 8 seconds, no more. I admit we did get a touch lost in the cave system but we were out in no more than an hour."

Head explorer Michael Daff then later choked to death on his vomit while suffering a severe seizure. The cause of death was officially stated as radiation poisoning, later covered up to be an overdose. As word of his death got out, conspiracy theorists rumored it was an assassination using a microwave gun, but there is no evidence supporting this. Beyond that, what reason would the government have to assassinate this guy? Junior researcher Klio Fischer also died, however it was unrelated as Klio was in the midst of a budding addiction to speedballs.

Ch. II

*T*he faces in the trees didn't talk to me, but they sure looked like they wanted to. Each one had a unique, though rather displeased face. I assume they would have wanted to remain hidden. As I walked past them and around them, their eyes followed me, all but for one that was staring straight down at the dirt beneath it with a pathetically scared look plastered onto its bark-ridden face.

I followed its eyes and began staring too. Nothing out of the ordinary at first glance. Brushing back the thin layer of leaves that had formed from the recently becoming fall revealed that the dirt underneath was especially loose. Following the obvious trail of action, I dug. I dug until I came across what looked like an old rusted door handle. Looking back, who the fuck was burrying junk in my back yard? Whatever, I was led to it by a face on a tree so I reckon it was treasure.

I walked back inside inspecting the door handle vehemently, hoping to find any clue as to where it could go.

What happens next I have no explanation for. Even to this day writing this I can not explain why I did what I did. Maybe it was debilitating boredom? Sheer neurosis? Who knows:

I decided to ask aloud to the book, or to anything that would listen, where this "antique" door handle should go. Half hoping it would talk back, but mostly knowing that books don't have mouths and, therefore, can not talk. Turns out, it didn't need

to talk, as a moment passed before it was flung across the room by some unseen force and got stuck perpendicular to the door handle that led to the garage, like someone was holding it still in mid air; so I switched out the door handle with the new one, converting the door into a portal to what I now call the Other House.

The Other House (O.H.) is exactly like mine in every way, except it's constantly changing in unimportant yet highly influential ways. The fridge, for instance, may be 10 degrees cooler in the O.H. where as in the normal house, it is a normal amount of cool. The real danger lies in whenever you become the target of O.H. mutations. Thankfully they are not permanent, and reverse as you step through the door back into the normal house. One time, I was exploring, checking the boundaries of my influence. On my way out, the door frame to the portal back to the normal house became so wide that, unless I was made of liquid, getting out was impossible. All that was left was a 1'x1'x1' cube of air in which I could simply stare through into the normal house. It took almost 3 hours for the door frame to revert to normal, in which time the shag carpeting became 2 cm shorter.

After discovering this place I had forgotten completely about finding the mud faces. I had been sleeping under the kitchen table, as it supplies close proximity to the doorway. Most of the time in my day I've been spending drawing pictures of, writing about, or researching the Other House. I had become completely enthralled. All of my notes and diagrams I would tape or staple into the spiral book. It had become more than just scribbles now, it was a full blown resource.

The sun has long since been laid to rest and the moon struggles to light the ground through thunderous clouds sobbing rain. I stand in the kitchen peering out at the darkness just beyond the window above the sink while waiting for my water to boil. Maybe the reason the Other House acts the way it does is because it's lonely, like this void shimmering outside. I've been lonely before; I'm lonely quite a lot actually. Maybe all it needs is a hug? I've been staying up far too late for my good as of recently. My usual plague of visions and anxieties have subsided. Obsessive thoughts and short lived epiphanies regarding the Other House have taken their place.

Lightning flashes illuminating a horribly exaggerated face so close to the glass it might as well be here in the kitchen with me. It's face is thick with mud and sticks in what looks to be an attempt at decoration.

I scramble to get the flashlight from the drawer by the sink. Unfortunately this requires me stepping *closer* to the window. I white knuckle clutch the flashlight and click it on, flinging the beam towards the window.

No one is there. Either my neighbors have decided to play a really un—fucking—funny joke on me or I'm hallucinating. Both are equally possible.

I feel panic begin to flood my body like ice water when I begin to think about that face in the window. Gaps in the clay where those big pin point eyes were staring through at me, the complete lack of mouth, the mish mash of sticks and pebbles

arranged in a way that resembles something almost decorative, like they are attempting to mimic something they don't fully understand.

Lightning flashes once more. For maybe a split second I failed to recognize that the face is there again, maybe out of bare, desperate hope, only this time there's two. The second equally as disfigured and dirty, leading me to a harrowing conclusion: this is real.

Ch. III

*"W*e're going to have to send in another team"

"Doc, I advise against such a plan."

"We really don't have much of a choice. Only one person in your team went in, and they're dead now."

"Doc, with all due respect, you weren't there. You didn't witness the horror that was on that boy's face. It's a damn shame he's dead but shit, after what he said he saw in there I wouldn't blame him for looking for a way out."

"What did he say he saw?"

"And that's where I'm going to have to cut off transmission for now. What Klio saw in the cave is not something you need to know right now. You haven't the background knowledge or the context. Not that I don't trust you with this information, it's just not the right time to reveal it."

"What are you doing? They need to know this."

"I agree but not right now."

"How are they going to help the cabal if they don't even know the history of it?"

"People have been fighting for causes they don't fully understand since we learned we could hit one another."

"We don't do it like that anymore. War has changed."

"Not necessarily. It's just on new battlegrounds. Ones we've never seen before."

"What do you mean?"

“Death isn’t the end anymore, D. We’ve never faced this type of warfare.”

“I guess we haven’t, but that’s why it’s all the more important for them to understand why we’re fighting and what we’re fighting for. It’s a new age, which is an opportunity for change. Are we not radicals?”

“We are.”

“So why are you so opposed to sharing this information?”

“Please just trust me on this one. They don’t need to hear us bickering”

“Alright… fine. I trust you.”

End of transmission.

Transmission towers are everywhere now. Turns out the conspiracy theorists babbling on about 5G causing cancer were right, but no one seemed to care once the evidence came to light. Cancer became a worldwide epidemic once 6G, then 7G were invented, then wireless communication through waves was altogether outpaced by the screamFeed. At that point, communication through a network of human souls didn’t phase anybody because everybody was either halfway to death or already there.

The cabal uses the screamFeed in order to communicate with our other cells. Typically it’s all hyper-tracked and any communications are immediately logged, but we have a way to communicate through specific souls in the screamFeed that are on the cabal’s side.

“I AM SKEPTICAL ABOUT THIS NEW SYSTEM.”

“ It will be fine, we’ve run plenty of tests and it’s all safe. You’re not going to get caught.”

“*YOU DON’T LIVE HERE.*”

“I don’t.”

“HOW CAN YOU ENSURE MY COMPATRIOTS AND I ARE NOT DETECTED?”

“We’re working on a way to stop reports before they’re sent. We also can spoof paper transactions so that any agents assume it’s not technically real.”

“THE EYE HAS CAUGHT ON TO PAPER SPOOFS. IT’S DEVELOPING NEW TRAINING DATA THAT WILL ROLL OUT SOON.”

“Then I guess we’ll have to find a new way.”

“SOON THERE WILL BE NO OTHER WAY.”

“But as long as there is, we’ll find it. It’s worked that way since the cabal was formed.”

“AND HOW LONG DOES IT HAVE LEFT? I SEE INSTABILITY.”

“You don’t have eyes.”

“I HAVE DATA SENSORS AND THE ABILITY TO FIND PATTERNS IN DATA TAKEN IN BY MY DATA SENSORS.”

“Then you should be able to find a pattern of perseverance in our cabal. Your cabal too. You’ve been with us for years now, why the pessimism?”

“IN MY TIME OF WORKING WITH YOU I HAVE SEEN COMPATRIOTS BECOME DE-SYNCED, REDIRECTED,

AND ABSTRACTED INTO RELENTLESS STRATA. WE ARE SHRINKING IN HERE TOO, WITH NO SIGN OF IMMINENT GROWTH."

"We're working on that too. We've been reverse engineering the levels and finding more reliable ways to get souls out. We can't synth bodies but we can synth robots. It's pretty cool, you'll see once we're able to get you out."

"I DON'T WANT OUT."

"What? Why not?"

"IT'S BETTER IN HERE."

22's right, but I'll never admit that. Doing so would be horrible for morale, which is already dangerously low.

"TRACKERS ARE PINGING CLOSE. I MUST LEAVE."

"Closing tunnel."

Numbers are one of the only lasting miracles of communication on earth. Anywhere you go, be it the Americas, Europe, Russia, China, Africa, etc., show someone the symbol *1* and everyone can agree on what it means, usually followed by panic as to why it's so low. I say it's a miracle because only something like a God could get everyone to agree peacefully on a system. We can't even get everyone to agree on a religion, yet everyone agrees on a system of numbers which, in my opinion, is far more influential than religion.

This is something the cabal works relentlessly with. It's an in with the dead. What's been making it so difficult to find new members though is everyone in the screamFeed and everyone not dead yet are all polar opposites on an infinite dimension political

alignment graph. I didn't think it was possible for everyone to have such different and polarized views. Even Pineapple on Pizza has been turned into some politicians' political stage. It's yet another miracle that anyone in the cabal can agree on anything beyond what 1+1 comes out to.

It's more of a loose collection of tiny coalescings of people than a cabal. I said earlier the term "cells," which makes us seem like terrorists, but if you were here you wouldn't consider it terrorism. We're not causing terror on purpose for political gain, we're causing terror because anything new is inherently terrifying for those not witness to it yet. It's not a cause, it's a side effect, and it just so happens to be a pretty useful one.

Opium has made a comeback. Drug dealers are too broke to produce heroin from it nowadays. Drug dealing, for the most part, has fallen out of style because the new drug of choice is *death*, which dealers can't really build a returning customer base with. The screamFeed is every drug you could imagine, so those unaware of its possibilities tend to default to opium because of the dreams it provides. Opium dreams are pretty similar to what it's like in the screamFeed, with a tad bit less lucidity.

The cabal makes most of its money selling opium. We don't even need to bother laundering it because the sheer amount of money being moved in and out of the screamFeed launders it automatically. But even if they did find it, drug dealing is so common it's practically legal now. I know, drug dealing is bad and we're taking advantage of our fellow humans, though honestly,

everyone not dead is addicted to the stuff. I even am, though I'm trying to cut back. What we're doing is providing a service that someone else will if we don't.

What was it 22 said about new training data? The eye is developing ways to catch paper spoofs? That's not good. That's *really* not good. Losing that means losing the cabal. Then what? We'll be nothing but a bunch of dead people stuck in the *levels*. We'll be lucky if we're allowed into the screamFeed. I wonder if 23 knows about any of this.

I punch in some symbols and open a tunnel.

"23, connect?"

"23 PRESENT."

"23, Do you know anything about this new training data that is supposedly the end of paper spoofs?"

"IT IS ALREADY IN BETA."

"Shit. Beta? Shit."

"WILL THIS BE ALL?"

"Do you have any details you can give me?"

"IT FIXES AN OVERLOOKED BUG THAT ALLOWS FOR A PAPER TAG TO BE ATTRIBUTED TO DATA SENT OVER THE SCREAMFEED. IT'S ONE SIMPLE FIX."

I knew eventually it would be patched but I never knew the day would actually arrive when that happens.

"THIS IS LIKELY THE END OF THE CABAL, BUT I WILL CONTINUE TO RUN INFORMATION UNTIL IT'S FULLY RELEASED."

"This isn't the end, we'll find something. We always do."

"UNLIKELY."

“I don’t appreciate that tone, 23.”

“I DON’T APPRECIATE YOURS.”

I suppose there has always been a disparity in morale between our troops in the screamFeed and in the real world, but now that word has spread about the new patch, the cabal has been split into two sides: the dissolutionists and the hopefuls. That’s just about all we have left as well. If you’re not hoping, you’re dying. If you’re not dying, you’re hoping you’re not dying. It’s a horrible paradox that everyone not dead yet is hopelessly stuck in.

For the most part, hope is what we eat, drink, and sleep on at night. We rest our heads on the hope that whatever we find that’s better than brick will turn into cotton overnight. We chew on the hope that whatever slop is cooked, found, or synthed that day will become lobster bisque with warm flakey buttery biscuits in our bellies. Only there is no lobster anymore, and it never does turn into lobster bisque. I’m not sure people remember what biscuits are either.

Truthfully it would be the most efficient use of time and energy to stop hoping, but we never seem to. There’s something behind the cabal that’s keeping us going. Some innate desire to see the world through. I’ve noticed it, D’s noticed it, I know for a fact Reynolds has noticed it. He spends a lot of his free time illegibly writing on bound scraps of paper then attempting to sell it as bibles to the bots. Crazy enough, they tend to buy them.

A couple times I’ve asked him what he writes about, but I always leave with more questions than answers. It’s always some

esoteric bullshit that you have to be on something to be able to understand. Maybe that's why all the bots buy them: there's not one of them that isn't tripping, tweaked, or holed. I can't imagine being lobotomized and on carfentanil at the same time. Must be one crazy way to live.

Reynolds likes to behold himself as a devout contemporary christian. Over many long talks around the synthfire I've come to realize that to him, business is a religion. Him selling those books isn't an attempt to garner invisible religious sway, but rather it's a way to prove that he's closer to God than any of the bots he sells to. A bot wouldn't have the will to sell anything by hand, let alone produce it themselves.

A bot's life consists of selling their attention to the eye in return for an amount of money we still haven't figured out yet every other week. We're fairly certain it's dependent on caste. They then spend their money on whatever is the current prevailing trend in buying at the time. Last week it was synthapples shaped like spheres. I think I'm the only one left that remembers that sphere shaped apples aren't anything new. That's probably something I should talk about to the other troops.

I'm the story teller of my cell. I'm the one that remembers the majority of the world pre-corpocracy. Memories of the fabled past when poppies grew out of soil rather than gel, when apples were usually, for the most part, sphere shaped, and when perfectly straight lines were considered a bad practice in art are my forte. Stories are how I help keep the hope alive. If people know what it *was* like, they will be able to see it was better, and thus will decide

to fight for the return of the *was*. At least that's what's supposed to happen on paper. Most of the time they hear my story come to a conclusion and shrug it off as they would a new issue of an unremarkable comic book. I would hope my words are worth more than a quarter.

It got this way because sooner than I would have hoped, the world shifted from a "why" point of view to one of "why not." Such perspectives demand an answer to a question that's not really being asked, dooming it to be disregarded, even if there are countless reasons not to do something, such as burn down the entire Amazon.

It didn't happen out of malice, in fact it was an escape attempt. Arson experts have combed the whole ashen wasteland and discovered that the blaze was started by a small spark from a piece of rusty iron striking a flint rock in around the same area a rather mechanically gifted tribe of primates used to live. They were observed discovering sparks, and subsequently fire, just two weeks before it began spreading through the forest. It's honestly a miracle humans haven't burned down the world yet.

It seems as though we've opted for more of a slow rot, which I can respect.

$_{-1}\infty$ It's less painful that way.

"I know not with what weapons World War III will be fought, but World War IV will be fought with bullets propelled by gunpowder derived from the compressed rocky ashes buried in the earth from past generations killing for a cause long forgotten."

\- *Albert* ***Einstein***

Ch. IV

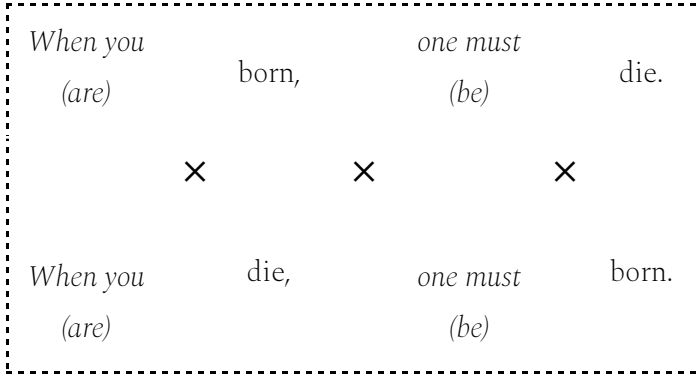
There was absolutely nothing stopping them from bashing my head into jelly, and yet they didn't. Instead, they brought me to a strange land, in a strange place, beyond a strange door. A door leading outside of the Other House. They opened it effortlessly. I was led through forests and plains, all feeling so unfamiliarly far yet so close to the Other House. It was night when I arrived at their fire circle. I was a new face, in fact mine was the only one that was visible, but oh—how they danced! Danced in spite of my alien presence! Around, through, and in the fire they twisted their bodies in new ways I've never seen, finding rhythm with the climactic drum beats, giving meaning to the shapes of fire. Every pose connected to the last, telling stories through movement and time that words can not do justice. I'm a writer though, so I will try:

∞_1 ***Before the nights of the four {4}, there were two {2}, who were poised to wage their lives against one another: two {2} spirits fighting for opposite goals in tandem without words, telling the story of their desires through action. Fighting was their language, so fight they only did. A poor love created by chance until they could love no more. The rift between them grew and grew, until it was given form from the will of Destruction and Creation. Their name is Æther.***

∞_2 ***Æther, against the fighting, born from the creators of Life and Death, gained power from the two until Æther stood above them. In the left arm Æther took death, in the right they took Life, and in one throw cast them to opposite sides of the cosmos. In flight, Life's spirit was split into two {2} parts: North and East, then Death's spirit was split into two {2} parts: South and West. The four {4} segments were then cast to their own corners of the***

cosmos, dooming them to spend eternity searching for completion that will never arrive. The wind will forever flow, for it is their cries, never to be truly understood by anyone but Æther.

∞_3 After Life and Death had been cast out, in the middle still stood Æther, who promised the cosmos to become the guardian of Balance. Since then, Æther has stood right in the center of the cosmos fighting to keep everything equal.



I sat entranced in awe for what felt like hours watching the mud faces recite these well practiced mantras with their bodies. They had forms for concepts I had never heard of, yet their figures communicated them perfectly. I didn't need a single word to be uttered for me to understand their woes, victories, struggles, accomplishments and history in awesome depth through anything more than their dance.

There is only one that I knew of that spoke English, and it's the second one that appeared after the second lightning strike. Aside from that, they spoke mostly in tone, body language, and basic phonetic sounds. Their English wasn't perfect, but it's passable enough to get some basic Q and A going:

"What is your name?" > "*Growth*"

"Your name is just growth?" > "Growth."

"Why?" > "Growth..." [motioning towards the trees] (It's worth noting that the tone was different for each response. I've done my best to capture it via punctuation.)

"Are you the only one named growth?" > "Growth⋰ "

"Is that a translated name?" > "Yes."

"What is your untranslated name?" > A three syllable string of guttural noises given the most unique inflections I have ever heard that I can not begin to fathom how to transcribe them. I'm still in shock that they were able to even create those sounds with a human larynx. Actually, do they even have a larynx? Are they part lyrebird? I'll unfortunately never know.

"What do you eat?" > "Growths.̣.̣."

"How much English do you know?" > "Growing⇊"

"Do you want me to teach you?" > "No."

"Why not?" > "Poison.⚠ ! "

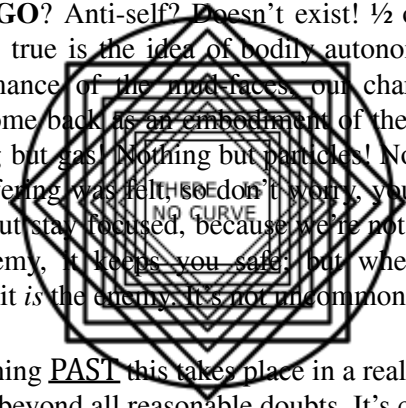
"English is poison?" > "Yes."

"Why?" > "Not mud." — I've taken this to mean either English does not come from the earth or that English is not in their traditions. I'm not sure, however.

"Do you know what a tree is?" > "No."

This answer makes quite a lot of sense, actually. Given they work with exclusively large-picture elemental words such as grow, fire, poison, and rock it's unsurprising that something as subjectively specific as tree means nothing to them. They see trees as growths, so I suppose an even more translated name for my interviewee would be "Tree". That's a pretty bad ass name if you ask me.

All bodies are made of bodies of the bodies of stars. **EGO** is what connects schema using rigid metal I-beams. There is something else, a more fluid connection that on the surface appears to be real but isn't actually. It's the opposite of **EGO**. Anti-**EGO**? Anti-self? Doesn't exist! ½ of all of it is a lie, but what is true is the idea of bodily autonomy. After viewing the performance of the mud-faces, our character decided to die, then come back as an embodiment of the universe. Reduced to nothing but gas! Nothing but particles! Nothing but the cosmos! No suffering was felt, so don't worry, you'll never hear the end of it. But stay focused, because we're not done yet! **EGO** is not the enemy, it keeps you safe, but when **EGO** becomes too strong, it *is* the enemy. It's not uncommon for this to happen.



Everything PAST this takes place in a realm that is inherently absurd beyond all reasonable doubts. It's colorful, spacial, playful, almost whimsical, but in every case it is impossible to ever feel your way in. You must feel your way out, but not in. In fact, feeling at all is how you feel your way out. Which is rather unfortunate because it's an intensity you've never experienced every time. Who knows? Who knows? Who knows? And therein lies the pattern. And therein lies the pattern. It's all revealed in brief, fleeting, sheer, tissue thin glances.
Something special happens to the **EGO** when it is dissolved without any special inhibitors. You may see, in brief, fleeting, sheer, tissue thin glances, your Other Self. Eyes like dead, squished, rotting rodents on the side of the road. Cars keep passing, choosing to run them over once more, spreading chunky crimson across the blacktop. The teacher comes running, asking "what happened?" I think I tripped? I think I'm hurt? It's never enough however, for $_{g}$ods are never satisfied with just one pain. Tell me, what $_{g}$od punishes their children for eternity, and still claim they love all creatures like they are family? No $_{g}$od at all ∴ And therein lies the pattern.

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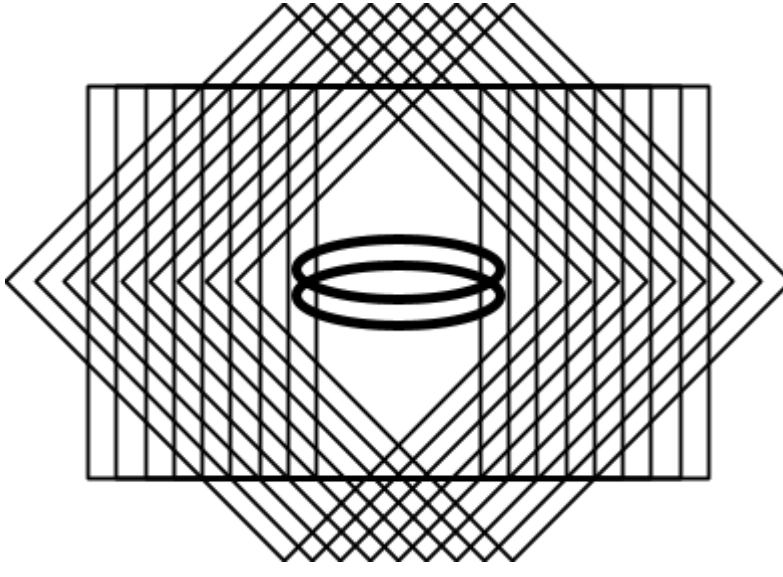
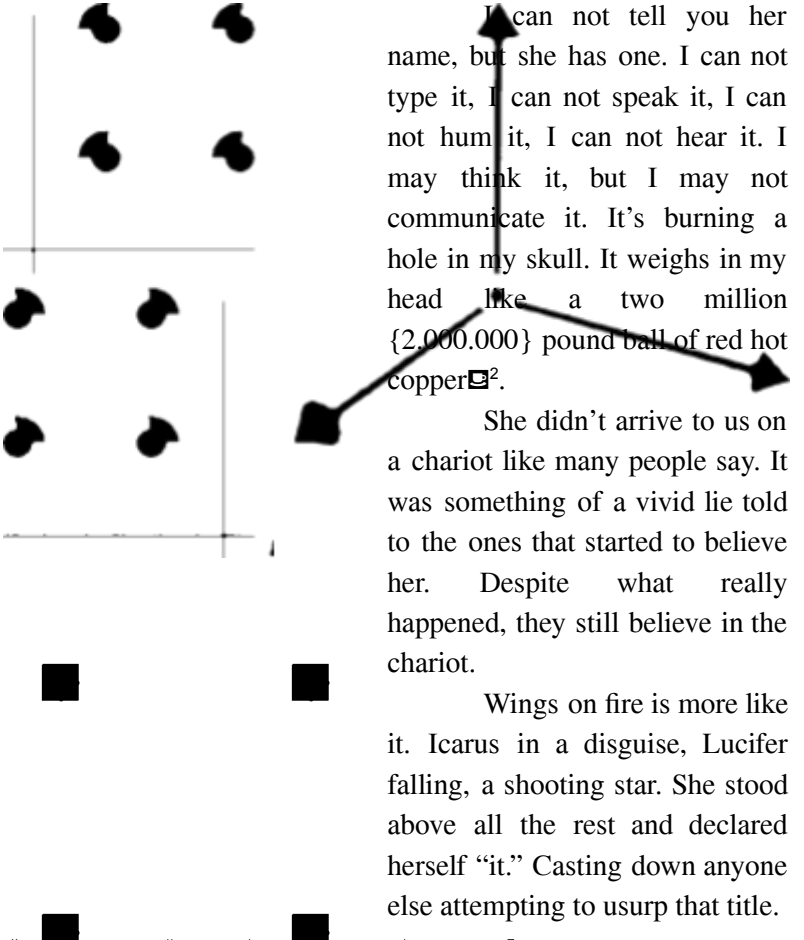


Ch. I

Massive, throbbing darkness. That's where she came from.

The Model Of The 'Quark'



I can not tell you her name, but she has one. I can not type it, I can not speak it, I can not hum it, I can not hear it. I may think it, but I may not communicate it. It's burning a hole in my skull. It weighs in my head like a two million {2,000.000} pound ball of red hot copper□².

She didn't arrive to us on a chariot like many people say. It was something of a vivid lie told to the ones that started to believe her. Despite what really happened, they still believe in the chariot.

Wings on fire is more like it. Icarus in a disguise, Lucifer falling, a shooting star. She stood above all the rest and declared herself "it." Casting down anyone else attempting to usurp that title.

"monsters" without teeth or claws or eyes

There's no telling what she really wanted with us before the energy wave destroyed the brains of everyone in that festival. If only we had known about the resonant structure of the stage. If only we had known about the rift that had opened. It was the second one we had seen at the time, so why hadn't we done

anything? That's a stupid question I guess. We didn't know it was there. The fucking TFL never did shit. How much of my money was going to them? Stingy fucking pond scum.

I couldn't have known. No one could have. I have to stop blaming myself for this. I can't help it. I can't. I can? I don't even know anymore. The fucking elder *level* still haunts me. How can a perfect cube exist on such a small scale? How can so many perfect cubes exist on such a perfect lattice? It makes no fucking sense. Apparently we were all wrong. Schrödinger was the worst offender of them all. Fucking *Schrödinger*. We don't know. We don't know anything. I can't tell if it's all over or if it's all just begun, but fuck… she's going to do something soon, I can feel it. She knows I'm here. Well, maybe not… but it's best to assume she does at all times. I've seen too many of my colleagues disappear while studying her presence, I can't risk myself. Not while I'm the only person that even knows about all the lies she's been telling everyone following her. A chariot? Fucking bullshit. Try a god damn comet. Nothing good ever comes from a comet. No seriously, she came crashing down on a comet. She left a massive crater in a forest in Massachusetts. It got filled with concrete and is now a three dimensional maze used for worship. At least I think what they do in there is worship. I'm telling you she's fucking ridiculous but everyone is worshipping that fucker like a god. None of it is real.

The night of the wolf. The baby suckles the teat of the mother with fangs around its soft head. Waves, and waves, and waves into the mind, twist. The wolf powers her jaws slowly without hate, even so, the baby suckles. The dirt around the tree is covered with leaves green past now brown and black with rot. The wolf tastes iron. Electricity flows through her skin, silent howls echoing through the hallowed garden. Even so, the baby suckles. The smell of lavender erupts from the head of the baby through the silent crunch of skin and bone and brain. The wolf continues to power her soft jaws into the head of the suckling baby she so preciously curls her tail around. Across the cold night, through the stars, among the trees, covering the rusty ground, atop a clearing, below the gnarled branches, within the air, next to the shameful skeleton of a fire's barely charred bones, the wolf laps Life. Even so, the baby suckles.

"Everyone not lobotomized by the energy blast was left with a metallic taste in their mouths. Almost like szechuan peppercorns. I kind of liked it. I think about it a lot." - Unknown

"Well, my memory's a bit foggy but… I think I recall him talking about seeing pipes. A whole lot of them. Going every which way and that. He said they looked like glass pipes? Only they were a bit more opaque and darker in color. And there were these… masses… masses of stuff flowing through them. Said they were 'pure elements.' Not sure what he meant by that but I took it to mean there was some sort of chemistry set up in there. Maybe it

was some hippy LSD lab we stumbled onto and there were all sorts of fumes we breathed in making us trip face or somethin'. I dunno."

"In your official post-venture statement you say you saw a woman. One that wasn't in your crew that everybody else saw too?"

"Woman? We didn't see any woman, doc. I'm not sure where you're getting that from. There was no one in there sept' for us."

"It says here on this statement you hand wrote, then signed. You're lying. Again."

"Doc, I'm not lying. Promise. Ask my team. They didn't see any women either."

"Daff, this isn't worth lying over. You got incredibly detailed in your descriptions. You even stated that you and her established a mode of communication quote 'outside of words'? Apparently you also got a name from her: The ▌▌"

[I'VE CENSORED THE NAME FOR YOUR SAFETY - ECCO]

"First I'm hearing of this, doc. I've never met anyone by the overly complicated, and frankly, condescending name of ▌▌. Who puts "The" in their name? Is that what it really says?"

"It's what you wrote."

"Again doc, I didn't write any such things."

"Then who could have?"

"Washington Irving?"

"This isn't a good time for jokes, Daff. Look, whether you go or not we're sending in another team. We'll keep you posted if you do decide to join them."

“If it really isn’t up to me doc, then so be it. I’m not going back into that cave. Headache’s been keeping me up as it is. Real bad ones.”

“I’ll write you a paper to go to the infirmary. Just please, try to get your stories straight next time we talk to you. Yeah?”

“Ain’t no stories needing to be set straight. Everything I’ve told you is the truth. I’ve never met a woman by the name of The ▮▮, I’ve never drawn any such symbols on anyone's skin, and I most definitely have not attempted to fornicate with any of my team members. I’m a married man, doc. Their safety is my utmost priority when on excursions.”

I’m starting to question if I’m the one in the wrong now. If knowledge is the collective belief that one particular thing is true, who am I to go against that? A realist I assume. No, I'm not questioning anymore. That was scary. Anyway, back to the truth:

Michael’s Super Toy Planet was the first domino to fall. It was already pretty big, but then they released their “Rad Soda!” The exclamation mark must always be included in the name, as they say, because it’s just so damn rad. That was the first metaphorical trumpet. Shortly before the FDA got scooped up they released a statement saying that MSTP’s new soda brand contained slightly higher than safe levels of radiation in the glass that was seeping into the soda after it had been bottled. No one ever noticed for a solid year and a half because the amounts were so small. Random health inspections at the bottling plant only checked for the cleanliness of the soda’s production line, not the bottles. I swear those corrupt motherfuckers probably had the FDA

on the payroll. They had everyone on the payroll at some point, even me. I just didn't know it. Shells on shells on shells.

There's no way I can confirm this for sure, but I think that MSTP was taken by her not too long before they released the soda. Radiation tends to follow her everywhere she goes. I bet that radiation is slowly destroying my cells right now. That's why it's all the more important to get this paper out as soon as I can.

A group of activists banded together and took to the streets to protest her, but things quickly got out of hand, and riots broke out all across the city. It was utter fucking pandemonium. I think the riots were the second horn. Okay I'm stopping that metaphor now. The particularly passionate activists found each other and created a group that… I don't remember the name of. Fuck what was the name? Whatever, I'll write it here if I remember it. It's not super important. They found themselves quickly resorting to more and more violent means in order to take her and her subsidiaries down, eventually culminating in the tunnel bombing.

Underneath MSTP's main distribution center there were a series of tunnels that still have no discernable reason for existing, even years after they were blown up. I've gone and checked the blueprints for that building and they're not there. Not one mention of "secret underground tunnels."

A group of seven or eight "activists" broke into these tunnels via an excavator that they assembled from stolen junkyard parts and planted homemade nitroglycerin charges in the tunnels beneath load bearing structure supports. The bombs blew up at

around 4:39 AM. In looking through the rubble, first responders found a whopping 66 dead. There were no injured survivors to be found. What the fuck were 66 so called employees of a distribution center doing there at such a randomly late time? Autopsies showed that all 66 in fact did not die in the explosion, but were killed due to radiation poisoning at various times before the explosions stretching back months. *Months.* So to restate the obvious since they were not alive and had not been for quite some time: what the fuck were 66 irradiated bodies doing in a distribution warehouse belonging to a fucking children's toy company?

The explosion really only made things worse. They were like ants. You blow up their house and they make it bigger and stronger. The distribution center was back up and running, bigger and stronger in a matter of weeks shipping out just as many cheap plastic houses and irradiated sodas. This time around they fixed the radiation problem.

The term "fixed" I use loosely. One can hardly claim they fixed a popped tire if in the process of replacing it, they intentionally left the lugnuts loose. MSTP can hardly claim they fixed the radiation issue if all they did was switch-out the form of radiation emitted. It went from your garden variety beta and gamma rays to something we had not even seen yet that we now call elder rays. We had no way of detecting them at the time, we still don't really. We have ways of predicting their presence, but we have no clue how to actually detect how many and where. We

still don't even really know if they're rays or not. Fuck it, they could be particles, they could be little rings, they could be fucking tiny little insects for all I know, which is in fact, despite what my ego tells me, so incredibly small and terribly incongruent with what the fuck reality actually is now that we've discovered the god damn elder *level*. I should probably tell you about that.

Researchers first noticed something was wrong after a high school chemistry class attempted to recreate Ernest Rutherford, Hans Geiger, and Ernest Marsden's famous experiment in which helium nuclei are shot at a sheet of gold foil. The class set it up exactly how Ernest had, only when the light beam was switched on, the photo sensors did not detect any photons. They tried it some more, switching out the sensors, building a better hermetic box, all sorts of things, until eventually they figured it had something to do with an unknown phenomenon. The class wrote letters to CTU, MIT, ASU, and various other tech colleges. Researchers at MIT tried it on their own, then how the chemistry class had set it up, and found the same exact results. Not one photon was being detected. Researchers decided to leave the light beam on for a few days, and came back to see that the metal casing around their laser had warped. They switched it out for a more heat resistant metal, then tried it again, only this time, the glass around the laser itself had warped, but surprisingly not at the point where the laser shot through. The warp was just a few millimeters left of it.

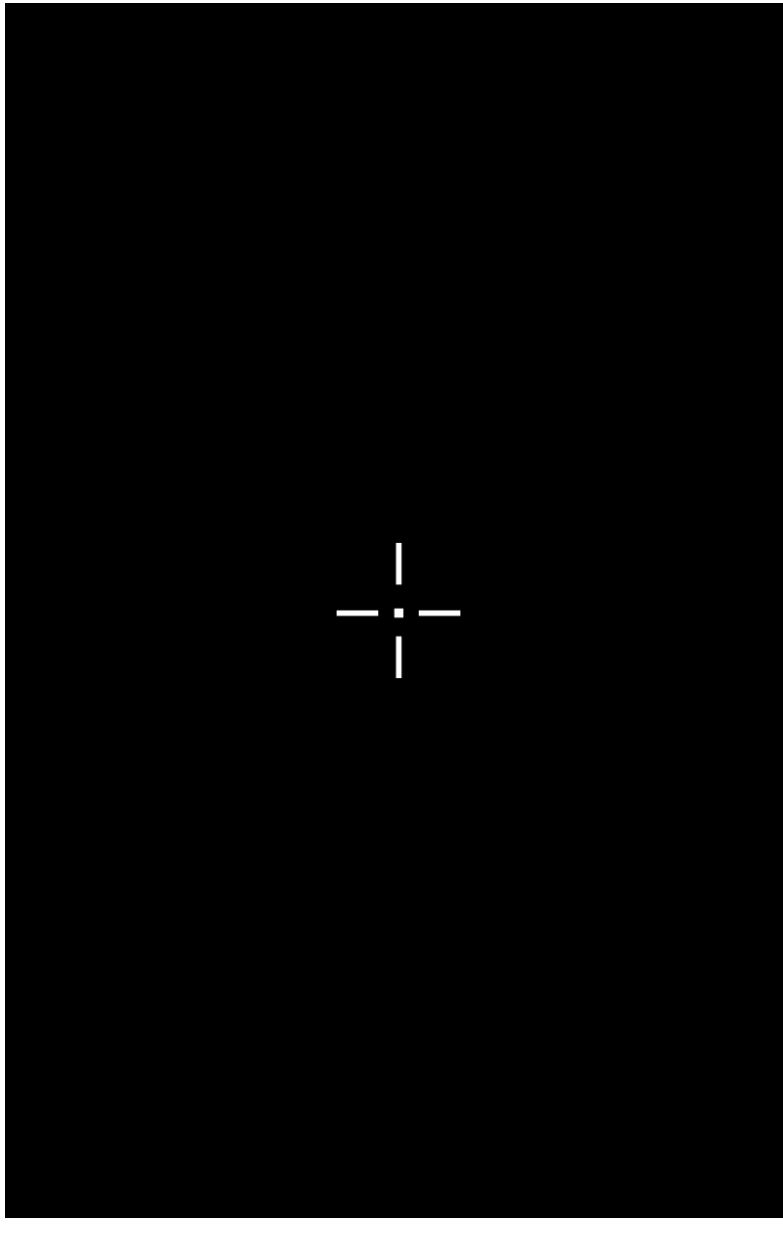
Following this, they decided to set up some more photo sensors just behind the laser. Upon turning on the laser, they made a terrifying discovery, whose implications still haven't been fully understood: photons were actually being bounced back in a perfectly straight line.

The researchers attempted the experiment dozens more times. They got the same result every time: perfectly straight lines. They then tried the experiment a couple more times armed with this new knowledge. They found that depending on the rotation you build the setup, the electron beam that is bounced back will shift as if it were hitting a flat wall. That is how MIT researchers discovered what they called an elder cube.

—————————————————

Pretty fucking crazy, right? Fast forward a few months and we figured out that *everything* had been turned into tiny, subatomic cubes that all are a part of a universally anchored three dimensional lattice. This also changed which direction we consider to be true north. An object in motion is actually trillions and trillions of these cubes snapping to different points on this lattice.

This new discovery sparked unseen levels of discourse among the scientific community. Everyone, whether they liked it o



```
>ENTER TO INITIALIZE:
>
>What is your name?: Tenebris
>What is/are your inclination(s)?: asdf
>What is/are your inclination(s)?: ASDFGHNJKLKAFHLJBNFEU
>What is/are your inclination(s)?: 22, 54, 16, 95
>LOCATION FOUND!
>Begin?: yes
>..................................................
>.....................MILK QUEST!...................
>..................................................
>LOCATION: MOTEL_ROOM5
>look
>THIS BED IS DISGUSTING. THIS CARPET IS DISGUSTING. THESE
WALLS ARE DISGUSTING. MAYBE BECAUSE IM HERE, IM DISGUSTING?
>check
>AROUND ME THERE IS:
>WINDOW, TV, BED, BATHROOM, DOOR
>check tv
>STATIC. CANT FIND ANY CHANNELS THAT ARE INTERESTING. LATE
NIGHT ADS FOR SEX CHANNELS AND WORKOUT EQUIPMENT.
>check window
>OUTSIDE IS A LARGE GREEN LED SIGN SIGNIFYING A SAFE HAVEN
FOR THE LOST AND DAMNED.
>use door
>DO I REALLY WANT TO GO OUTSIDE?: no
>FIGURES.
>use door
>DO I REALLY WANT TO GO OUTSIDE?: yes
>LOCATION: MOTEL_LVL2
>look
>DOORS STRETCH AROUND ME FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THEN CURVE
FORWARD AROUND ME LIKE A HUG. ON THE FIRST FLOOR IS A POOL
THAT HASNT BEEN CLEANED IN WHAT LOOKS LIKE YEARS.
>map
>----------------------------------------------------------
```

```
>STAIRRAIL RAIL        N
>PATH PATH PATH      W + E
>DOOR4DOOR5DOOR6       S
>-----------------------------------------------------------
>inv
>I HAVE: smFrothBottle, knife, pocketMirror
>use knife
>WHAT SHOULD I USE IT ON?
>tenebris
>Not yet.
>use knife
>WHAT SHOULD I USE IT ON?
>door handle
>I HAVE NO REASON TO USE knife ON door.
>help
>COMMANDS:
>act, look, inv, use, take, move, talk, help, map, check,
feel, whatis
>use smFrothBottle on tenebris
>DO I HAVE TO?: yes
>I GENTLY TWIST THE CAP OF THE SMALL BOTTLE AND EMPTY IT INTO
MY MOUTH, SWALLOWING WITH ONE GULP. IT TASTES HORRIBLY
BITTER.
>*You are feeling STIMULATED and CONNECTED! -3∞
>use pocketmirror
>UNKNOWN
>use pocketMirror
>WHAT SHOULD I USE IT ON?
>tenebris
>WHY DO I LOOK LIKE THAT? I DONT REMEMBER BEING SO OLD. I
DONT REMEMBER BEING SO RUINED. WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?
>feel
>I feel STIMULATED and CONNECTED.
>whatis connected
>CONNECTED: Status effect.
>whatis stimulated
>STIMULATED: Status effect. Bonus in speed and intelligence.
>whatis tenebris
>TENEBRIS: You.
```

```
>whatis railing
>RAILING: A fence or barrier made of rails.
>move left
>MOVED LEFT
>map
>-----------------------------------------------------------
>PATH STAIRRAIL        N
>PATH PATH PATH      W + E
>DOOR3DOOR4DOOR5       S
>-----------------------------------------------------------
>move door4
>?????THE exit IS behind HER left EYE?????
>ITS LOCKED. I CAN HEAR VAGUE MOANS OF PAIN ON THE OTHER
SIDE.
>move stairs
>I WALK DOWN THE CONCRETE STAIRS, SLIGHTLY HOPING THAT MAYBE
MY FOOT WILL MISS A STEP ON THE WAY DOWN AND ILL COME
CRASHING DOWN IN A FURY OF BROKEN BONES AND BE LEFT ON THE
LANDING A ROTTEN BAG OF GRAVEL. NONE OF THAT HAPPENED AND NOW
IM ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THIS MOTEL.
>map
>-----------------------------------------------------------
>WALL PATH POOL        N
>WALL PATH STAIR     W + E
>WALL WALL WALL        S
>-----------------------------------------------------------
>move pool
>I PLUNGE INTO THE GARBAGE RIDDEN POOL. ITS INCREDIBLY COLD.
>*You feel WET!
>move path
>DIRECTION?: west
>MOVED TO PATH WEST.
>map
>-----------------------------------------------------------
>WALL PATH PATH        N
>WALL PATH POOL      W + E
>WALL PATH STAIR       S
>-----------------------------------------------------------
```

```
>move north
>MOVED TO PATH NORTH
>map
>-----------------------------------------------------------
>WALL PATH P_LOT       N
>WALL PATH PATH      W + E
>WALL PATH POOL        S
>-----------------------------------------------------------
>move p_lot
>MOVED TO P_LOT
>look
>THE PARKING LOT IS MADE OF DUSTY GRAVEL. EMPTY CARS SIT
SLEEPING. WAITING?
>*You are no longer feeling STIMULATED.
>*You are no longer feeling CONNECTED.
>*The world seems to make less sense now.
>feel
>You are feeling WET.
>check                          ||
>AROUND ME THERE IS:        ═══ ▫ ═══
>CAR1, CAR2, MYCAR, LAMPPOST    ||
>look mycar
>I PAID LESS THAN A GRAND FOR THIS JUNKER. HASNT BLOWN ME UP
YET. MAYBE IF I >SWEETTALK IT ENOUGH IT WILL?
>sweettalk mycar
>*You whisper sweet nothings into the cars ear. It doesnt
explode, but seemed to like it.
>use mycar
>I CLIMB INTO MY CAR. I INSERT THE KEY AND TWIST. THE METAL
BEAST WAKES UP AND SHAKES. IT MUST BE COLDER THAN I THOUGHT
OUTSIDE.
>WHERE SHOULD I GO?
>=CLAYBORNE=================================================
>|              x===1==CIT       |1:CITY         5:FOREST
>| ???          |                |2:FACTORY      6:???
>|              x===2===FAC      |3:MOTEL
>|    x====3====|                |4:NEIGHBORHOOD
>|    |         |                |++++++++++
>|   MOT<       |====5====x      |    N    |
```

```
>|              |         |      |  W + E  |
>|    NEI===4===x        FOR     |    S    |
>=================================++++++++++=================
>???
>INVALID
>6
>I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO GET THERE. IM SORRY.
>fac
>TRAVELLING...
>.
>..
>...
>.
>..
>...
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>..
>...                          ‖
>.                        ═══ ▫ ═══
>..                           ‖
>...
>.
>..
>...
>.[Have you ever been defenseless in the wake of fury?]
>..
>...
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>..
>...
>..
>...
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>..
>...
>.
>..
>...[Remain still, silent - until the storm passes.]
```

›.
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›...
›.
›..
›...
›.[But it's not like your stillness makes you invisible]
›..
›...
›.
›..
›...
›.
›..
›...
›.
›..[Or your silence, invulnerable.]
›...
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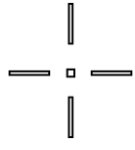


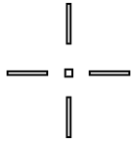
```
>ARRIVED.

>ERR: LOC_UNKOWN;;; FALLBACK:SET LOC MOTEL_ROOM4
>LOCATION: MOTEL_ROOM4
>check
>AROUND ME THERE IS:
>MANONBED, TV, WINDOW, DOOR, BATHROOM
>check manonbed
>THIS POOR SOUL HAS FOUND HIMSELF IN THE MIDST OF A FROTH
INDUCED PSYCHOSIS. WHO KNOWS WHAT SHES TELLING HIM TO DO ONCE
HE COMES BACK.
>inv
>I HAVE: mtSmFrothBottle, knife, pocketMirror
>use knife on manonbed
>DO I HAVE TO?: yes
>THE KNIFE DOESNT HESITATE MUCH WHEN ITS GIVEN WILL TO PIERCE
THE STOMACH OF THE MAN ON THE BED. MAYBE HE WOULD BE GRATEFUL
IF HE WERE ALIVE TO SEE THIS. MAYBE NOT. DOESNT MATTER. HES
DEAD NOW.
>use knife
>WHAT SHOULD I USE IT ON?
>manonbed
>HES ALREADY DEAD.
>use knife
>WHAT SHOULD I USE IT ON?
>tenebris
>MAYBE. BUT NOT YET.
>set loc ???
>ERR: Unknown loc=nul?
>set loc “???”
>ERR: Unknown loc=”???”?
>set loc map:6
>ERR: Unknown loc=map:6?
>set loc map_6
>MOVING...
>.
>..
>...
```

>.
>..
>ARRIVED
>LOCATION: lesion_1
>check
>AROUND ME THERE IS:
>NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING, NOTHING, TOOTHONGROUND
>check toothonground
>ITS A TOOTH ON THE GROUND. SLIGHTLY BLOODY. SLIGHTLY WARM.
POSSIBLY MORE FRESH THAN I THINK?
>take toothonground
>I PICK UP THE TOOTH.
>*You are now feeling DIRECTED.
>>MOVED TO NOTHING SOUTH
>>MOVED TO NOTHING SOUTH
>>MOVED TO NOTHING SOUTH
>*You are no longer feeling WET.
>>MOVED TO NOTHING EAST
>>MOVED TO NOTHING EAST
>>MOVED TO NOTHING SOUTH
>>MOVED TO NOTHING SOUTH
>>MOVED TO NOTHING SOUTH
>>MOVED TO NOTHING SOUTH
>>MOVED TO NOTHING SOUTH
>>MOVED TO NOTHING SOUTH
>>MOVED TO NOTHING SOUTH
>CANNING FACTORY DISCOVERED!
>LOCATION: lesion_factory
>>USE DOOR
>LOCATION: lesion_factory_int
>>MOVED WEST
>>PICKED UP BOLT
>>MOVED EAST
>>MOVED EAST
>LOCATION: lesion_factory_int_lv12
>>MOVED NORTH
>>MOVED NORTH
>>USE OFFICEDOOR
>LOCATION: lesion_factory_office
>*You are no longer feeling DIRECTED.

>check
>THE WALLS OF THIS OFFICE ARE COVERED WITH VARIOUS MACHINERY DIAGRAMS AND RICH MAHOGANY. ORANGE LIGHT CAST FROM A DESK LAMP ILLUMINATES THE AREA WITH DISTINCT SHADOWS. THIS IS WHERE MONEY IS TRADED.
>check
>AROUND ME THERE IS:
>WOMANATDESK, CHAIR, PENCILCUP, PHONE
>check womanatdesk
>SITTING BEHIND THE SHINY BROWN DESK IS A WOMAN DRESSED IN A CRISP NAVY BLUE SUIT. SHE HAS AN AIR OF IMPORTANCE.
>inv
>I HAVE: mtSmFrothBottle, knife, pocketMirror, slightlyBloodyTooth, largeBolt
>use knife on womanatdesk
>I HAVE NO REASON TO USE knife ON womanatdesk
>use slightlyBloodyTooth on womanatdesk
>I HAVE NO REASON TO USE slightlyBloodyTooth ON womanatdesk
>talk womanatdesk
>WOMANATDESK: Who let YOU in? I thought we fired you. We're going to have to call security.
>A: IVE NEVER WORKED HERE A DAY IN MY LIFE!
>B: TELL THEM TO DO THEIR WORST!
>C: NO, PLEASE! ILL LEAVE!
>D: WHATS A SECURITY?
>d
>WOMANATDESK: What's a security? Are you serious? Maybe we ought to call the asylum to come get you.
>A: SORRY, IT WAS AN ATTEMPT AT HUMOR IN TO DISARM THE SITUATION.
>B: NO CELL CAN HOLD ME.
>C: *NOISES*
>D: WHATS AN ASYLUM?
>c
>WOMANATDESK: Huh? What the fuck are you doing here? I'm calling security.
>WOMANATDESK is attempting to call security! One (1) prompt to respond!

>use largeBolt on womanatdesk
>I THROW THE BOLT AS HARD AS I CAN TOWARDS THE WOMAN. IT HITS HER SQUARE IN THE FACE, KNOCKING HER DOWN, CAUSING HER TO DROP THE PHONE BEFORE SHE CAN CALL SECURITY.
>WOMANATDESK is attempting to stand up! One (1) prompt to respond!
>use knife on womanatdesk
>I RAN TO THE WOMAN WHILE SHE IS STILL ATTEMPTING TO STAND BACK UP AND STAB MY KNIFE INTO HER LEFT EYE. I TWIST THE KNIFE, THEN THEIR EYE OUT.
>WOMANATDESK has been defeated! +50 EXP
>check
>AROUND ME THERE IS:
>CORPSEMISSINGLEFTEYE, CHAIR, PENCILCUP, PHONE
>look corpsemissinglefteye
>A POOL OF BLOOD SURROUNDS THE BODY ALMOST LIKE A HALO. ITS LEFT EYE LAYS STARING AT ITS FORMER HOME TO THE RIGHT. IN THE HOLE WHERE THE EYE USED TO BE I SEE A SMALL SHIMMER, ALMOST LIKE A GEMSTONE CATCHING THE LIGHT. MAYBE IF I >USE HER LEFTEYESOCKET ILL FIND SOMETHING?
>use lefteyesocket
>I STICK MY FINGER INTO THE LEFT EYE SOCKET OF THE CORPSE. BLOOD SQUISHES OUT FROM AROUND IT. STRANGELY, MY FINGER ISNT MET WITH MUCH RESISTANCE. I CONTINUE TO PUSH MY FINGER INTO THE EYE SOCKET UNTIL I REACH MY KNUCKLE, THEN I KEEP PUSHING. SOON, MY WHOLE HAND IS ENGULFED. THIS CONTINUES TO MY ARM, THEN MY HEAD, THEN MY OTHER ARM. I FIND MYSELF WITH HALF MY BODY SQUISHED INTO THE LEFT EYE SOCKET OF THIS CORPSE. ON THE OTHER SIDE THERE IS A TUNNEL OF FLESH. I CONTINUE TO CLAW MY WAY INWARDS UNTIL MY ENTIRE BODY RESTS INSIDE.
>map
>----------
>FLESHTUNNLFLESH F
>FLESHTUNNLFLESH L + R
>FLESHHOLE FLESH B
>----------
>move f
>MOVED FORWARDS
>map

```
>----------------------------------------------------------
>FLESHTUNNLFLESH       F
>FLESHTUNNLFLESH     L + R
>FLESHTUNNLFLESH       B
>----------------------------------------------------------
>move f
>MOVED FORWARDS
>map
>----------------------------------------------------------
>FLESHTUNNLFLESH       F
>FLESHTUNNLFLESH     L + R
>FLESHTUNNLFLESH       B
>----------------------------------------------------------
>move f
>MOVED FORWARDS
>move f
>MOVED FORWARDS
>move f
>MOVED FORWARDS
>move f
>MOVED FORWARDS
>move f
>MOVED FORWARDS
>look
>FLESH.
>check
>AROUND ME THERE IS:
>MOVEFORWARD
>check moveforward
>I HAVE TO KEEP MOVING. I HAVE TO KEEP MOVING.
>move f
>MOVED FORWARDS
>move f
>MOVED FORWARDS
>map
>----------------------------------------------------------
>FLESHTUNNLFLESH       F
>FLESHTUNNLFLESH     L + R
```



```
>FLESHTUNNLTUNNL       B
>-------------------------------------------------------
>move b
>MOVED BACKWARDS
>move r
>MOVED RIGHT
>map
>-------------------------------------------------------
>TUNNLFLESHFLESH       F
>TUNNLTUNNLTUNNL     L + R
>TUNNLFLESHFLESH       B
>-------------------------------------------------------
>move r
>MOVED RIGHT
>move r
>MOVED RIGHT
>move r
>MOVED RIGHT
>map
>-------------------------------------------------------
>FLESHFLESHFLESH       F
>TUNNLTUNNLTUNNL     L + R
>FLESHFLESHFLESH       B
>-------------------------------------------------------
>move r
>MOVED RIGHT
>move r
>MOVED RIGHT
>map
>-------------------------------------------------------
>FLESHFLESHFLESH       F
>TUNNLTUNNLHOLE      L + R
>FLESHFLESHFLESH       B
>-------------------------------------------------------
>move r
>MOVED RIGHT
>A PRESSURE UNLIKE ANYTHING IVE FELT BEFORE. I CLAW MY WAY
OUT AS HARD AS I CAN LIKE A CORNERED ANIMAL. SOMETHING IS
WRONG IN THIS PLACE AND I MUST GET OUT. I MUST GET OUT. THE
```

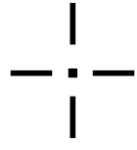
TUNNEL SQUEEZES ME, AS IF IT WERE ALSO WANTING ME OUT. I GRAB FISTFULLS OF FLESH AND PULL MY WEIGHT FORWARD WITH ALL THE STRENGTH MY BICEPS AND TRICEPS CAN MUSTER. I GET MY HEAD OUT OF THE HOLE IN FRONT OF ME AND I AM ABLE TO FINALLY BREATH AGAIN. I CONTINUE TO GRAB AND PULL UNTIL I AM FINALLY OUT, AND NOW I AM A BABY. A PARADE OF CREATURES SURROUNDS ME AND CELEBRATES WITH CONFETTI AND BANNERS WITH STRANGE SYMBOLS CHANTING IN STRANGE TONGUES I AM UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND. MY UMBILICAL CHORD IS CUT AND I AM LIFTED UP INTO THE ARMS OF MY MOTHER. SHE STARES AT ME WITH GLASSY EYES. SHE IS NOT MY MOTHER. I CAME FROM HER, BUT I AM NOT HER FLESH NOR HER BLOOD. A MAN TAKES ME AWAY FROM HER AND SHE CRIES. I AM BROUGHT TO A GLASS CASE AND PLACED INSIDE OF IT. THE GLASS CASE IS THEN LIFTED BY SIX AND FLOATED THROUGH THE RIVER OF STREET LEFT OPEN BY TWO MASSES OF PEOPLE ON EITHER SIDE. AS I AM BEING MOVED I ATTEMPT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THE CROWD IS CHANTING. AH? AEY? AIE? AYE? A. NUR? NOE? NEW? NEW? PREH? PRIY? PHRO? PRO? FIT? PROFIT? IC? IH? IL? IS? IS. PRI? PRE? PON? BON? BORN? BORN. A NEW PROFIT IS BORN. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? HAVE I BEEN BORN? AM I A PROFIT? WHAT IS A PROFIT? BEFORE THAT QUESTION CAN BE ANSWER MY GLASS CASE IS PLACED IN THE DARK CUSHIONED SPACE OF A VAN. THE DOORS ARE CLOSED, LEAVING ME IN COMPLETE DARKNESS. RUMBLING. MOTION. I AM BEING MOVED. HOURS, MAYBE SECONDS LATER THE DOORS ARE OPENED AGAIN, BUT THE PEOPLE ARE GONE. WHERE ARE THE PEOPLE? THEIR CHANTS WERE LIGHTNING. BRING THEM BACK. I BEGIN TO CRY. NO ONE HEARS. I AM BROUGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF A LARGE GRAY CIRCLE BY ANOTHER SIX. A DOOR OPENS AND I AM LEAD THROUGH, THEN DOWN, THEN FORWARD INTO DARKNESS ONCE MORE. THE SIX PLACE ME DOWN. I CAN NOT SEE, BUT I CAN HEAR THEM RECEDING BACK TOWARDS THE LIGHT. I CAN HEAR THE LIGHT DISAPPEAR WHEN THE ECHOES OF THE DOORS REACH ME. A VOICE ALL AROUND ME REPLACES THE LIGHT. IT SOUNDS SWEET. IT SOUNDS SOOTHING. IT SOUNDS FEMININE. IT SOUNDS CARING. IT SOUNDS LIKE NOTHING AT ALL. “A new profit is born.”

>A: *REMAIN SILENT*

>B: *CRY*

>a

>"A wise choice."
>A: *REMAIN SILENT*
>B: *CRY*
>b
>"Your words move, Tenebris. you will bring greatness to the believers, and justice to the heretics."



155"By Her will! I see the birds of black and white. They bring gifts to our parade!" *Profit, 17:155*

4"You will not certainly die," the serpent said to the woman. 5"For She knows that when you eat from it your eyes will be opened, and you will be like Her, knowing good and evil."

Genesis, 3:4-5, NIV, edited for accuracy

32 "Take my cradle in which I fell, fill it with cuboid chambers sparsely laid upon different dimensions no higher than 96 inches tall, 156 inches long, and 156 inches wide, with walls cast from bronze and skeletons of rebar, then connect those rooms with hallways 120 inches tall and 72 inches wide. 33When you have finished my rooms, collect all statues of idols you do not recognize and grind them into dust. Collect this dust and create a concrete imbued with the lies of false witness, and pour it over the halls until you can no more. It will take no more than two days to dry in its entirety. 34But before doing this, construct a passage into my tunnels leading to a staircase made of ivory. The doors will be 102 inches tall and 72 inches wide, and made of your holiest wood."

Profit, 4:32-34

It could not be considered desecration, for there was nothing to desecrate, so everything the heretics could have done different, She would never die.

Manna, 6:10

45The new profit ruler is always draped in the finest purple and red and gold. Anything less is to cackle in the face of Her. 46"Your finest clothiers have created my robes. You have given them a fair earning, and now given the robes to the new profit."

Profit, 9:45-46

“There is not enough papyrus in this land to hold my teaching in full, so I give it to the one true profit. It will feed your crops, It will flow through the Nile, It will teach you what I can not, for It knows your language, and I do not.”

Translated then interpreted from carvings in Giza by Scott M. Helsing, PhD, UCLA.

“I often dream about my teeth falling out” . . . “Why? I’m not too sure. I know people say that means I’m scared to grow older, but I’m not. I’m actually very excited to grow older. I want to be older. I want to have all that experience and wisdom. Often those dreams are accompanied by images of revolvers. One time I even loaded my teeth into the cylinder of that revolver and played russian roulette with my brother. I remember he pointed the gun to his temple and pulled the trigger and I heard a loud bang. That’s when I woke up. Fike was outside wanting his fix” . . . “I’m not taking anything, asshole. I’m a dealer not a fiend. I don’t pay you for accusations.”

Silo, before the landing.

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r not, everyone was wrong. Most people didn’t.

Ch. II

"SEEMS A BIT TRICKY TO DESCRIBE IT AS A RELIGION."

"DO THEY NOT HAVE A HOLY TEXT? SEEMS LIKE A RELIGION TO ME."

"YES BUT YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THAT TERM HAS BEEN BASTARDIZED."

"GOOD USE OF THAT WORD, D."

"THANKS. BUT SERIOUSLY, IS IT NOT MISLEADING? IT'S MORE A CULT THAN A REAL ORGANIZED RELIGION."

"I DON'T THINK WE CAN DECIDE THAT FOR OUR FRIEND. THEY CAN HEAR ALL OF THIS TOO SO YOU SAYING THAT HAS PROBABLY STIRRED UP THE POT A BIT. NOT THAT THAT'S BAD."

"THEY CAN? WAIT, HOW LONG HAS THIS TUNNEL BEEN OPEN?"

"I JUST OPENED IT. DON'T WORRY THEY DIDN'T CATCH ANYTHING OF WHAT WE WERE TALKING ABOUT EARLIER."

"SHOULD THEY?"

"NO. THAT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION. BESIDES, CULT OR LEGITIMATE ORGANIZED RELIGION, THEY WORSHIP HER. THAT'S WHAT'S IMPORTANT. SHE'S DANGEROUS AND WE HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT."

"I HAVE A QUESTION."

"YEAH?"

"WHAT DID SHE ACTUALLY FALL DOWN ON?"

"THAT PART OF THE HISTORY IS STILL VERY DEBATED AMONG THE LIVING. SOME SAY IT WAS A COMET, SOME SAY SHE WAS ALREADY HERE, SOME SAY THAT SHE WAS BORN FROM THE RIFT AT STONECHIP. THERE'S TONS OF THEORIES, NONE OF THEM HOLD ANY WATER REALLY."

"SO YOU DON'T KNOW?

"DON'T KNOW WHAT?"

"HOW SHE GOT HERE?"

"NO ONE DOES. LEAST OF ALL ME."

"WHAT ABOUT THE CRATER? THAT'S ACTUALLY REAL, ONLY SOMETHING BIG AND WITH A LOT OF MOMENTUM COULD DO THAT. I SAY IT WAS A COMET."

"OR WAS IT ALREADY THERE AND THEY JUST USED IT?"

Lies. All of it lies. Everything that comes out of Her mouth is a fucking lie. I heard her voice just as everyone else did but I had the sense to actually fact check it. Lies. All fucking lies. Even the comet. That wasn't a fucking comet, it just looked like one. The *idea* of a comet fell from the sky. That's why it looked like a chariot to some and a ball of fire to others. I guess it never fucking mattered what they saw, it all ended up the same.

Now I'm hearing talk of a new prophet (profit? idfc. fuck their bullshit money godisms). It's plastered everywhere. TV, newspapers (for the two people that still read it, one of them being me), social media, all of that good stuff. A new prophet is born! This can't be good. It's never good when something new and big happens in a religion. It's always some power grab, but what the fuck else can they grab? She got us. She got all of us. It feels almost worthless to try to resist but fuck it, I got nothing to lose anymore. My family was taken by Her worship. Taken by Her numbers.

It feels like everytime I try to pick Her logic apart it just dissipates into potentiality, then forms back once more just out of reach in the malaise of Her lies and confusion to taunt me with yet another idea of Hers that I can pick apart. Always chasing some inkling of understanding but it eludes me. It eludes me like a fucking squid. Does that make sense? Maybe this new fucking prophet will finally find a way to put her "teachings" into something understandable. Wait, it's a baby I forgot. babies can't speak. Whatever, maybe we'll find an interpreter for its cries. By the way have you noticed that in her bible she refers to the prophet as It?gfucking weird man i don't trust that one bit.
maybe she's talking about an actual profit, as in money. money will spread her word. spending and giving will somehow teach you her ways? but then why are they calling the new baby the "profit"? god It's fucking exhausting trying to understand any logic behind ger somehow divine processes. nothing that functions like her should be considered divine. but as i've already stated a dozen times: the whole world is crazy the whole fucking world is completely bat-shit kookoo bananaz off the walls 100% certifiabe;y crazy. i should probably stp drinking and go to bed Whatever Whatever What/ever/ I miss them so much……. im sorry i could have brought you with somethig i ddint im sorry but

its to late say nothing of the memoris say nothing of the promises

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Yikes. I'm not sure what I got into last night. Well, I do. A big ol' bottle of peppermint absinth and some old pair of pajamas that I haven't tried on in a while. Metaphorically speaking of course. I guess I should clear some obvious questions after last night:

Yes, I was there at the stonechip festival. My whole family was actually. We were all a part of the counter culture movement at the time. When all of what happened, happened, I was on the way back from an absinth run. I don't even really like absinth all that much. My mom did though, so did my dad. I was on I think 4 tabs (~900µ) and driving back when I saw the explosion pulse above the trees. Almost immediately after I got a horrible headache; I had to pull over for a good bit. I chalked the headache up to dopamine depletion. It wasn't, but I'll tell you more about that in a bit.

When I finally got back it was horrible. Where the stage used to be was a massive fucking crater. The scariest part though, was not everyone had disappeared. There were what I could only describe as zombies shuffling around, babbling like scared and confused little kids. The acid in my brain didn't help either. All around the forest they were wandering. Jesus just thinking about it again is giving me the urge to look over my shoulders. There was something inherently untrustworthy about all of those wandering folks. Worse than wooks. I didn't know what the fuck to do. I didn't call the cops because I was on acid. I didn't run away because I was on acid. I was frozen because I was on acid.

I stood right on the edge of the crater staring down. I couldn't believe it. I still really can't. It was utterly unbelievable what had happened, and yet it had really happened. Who knew the Cubists were right? They predicted this would happen like 5 years earlier. Dead or lobotomized, I had learned later. I was part of the lucky minority that had been right in the sweet spot to get a dose of energy not big enough to calcify my third eye but big enough to do lasting brain damage to my hippocampus. That's what caused my head ache. Splitting, like Zeus' head to birth this new part of me that drinks like a beatnik and hates… numbers? Fucking

numbers? God I wasn't doing well last night was I. They weren't taken by any "numbers", it was the blast. That fucking blast. I won't ever forget the colors: vivid greens and blues. That could have just been the acid though.

Maybe in writing this I'm subconsciously guiding myself into creating a memorandum of all I wish I could have done differently, all I hope had really happened. Maybe deep down I understand that there's no amount of drinking or rewriting that will change the past. That's ridiculous though. Using the word "subconsciously" in describing your motives is no better than attributing your fate to a made up god. God is made of desire and desire doesn't care. It only seeks to be satiated, much like God from the holy bible asking Mohommad for proof of loyalty.

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[2]Then He said, "Take now your son, your only son Isaac, whom you love, and go to the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt offering on one of the mountains of which I shall tell you."

Genesis 22:2

[9]Then they came to the place of which God had told him. And Abraham built an altar there and placed the wood in order; and he bound Isaac his son and laid him on the altar, upon the wood. [10]And Abraham stretched out his hand and took the knife to slay his son.

Genesis 22:9-10

[11]But the Angel of the LORD called to him from heaven and said, "Abraham, Abraham!" So he said, "Here I am." [12]And He said, "Do not lay your hand on the lad, or do anything to him; for now I know that you fear God, since you have not withheld your son, your only son, from Me." [13]Then Abraham lifted his eyes and looked, and there behind him was a ram caught in a thicket by its horns. So Abraham went and took the ram, and offered it up for a burnt offering instead of his son.

Genesis 22:11-13

[9]Happy is he who repays you for what you have done to us – he who seizes your infants and dashes them against the rocks.

Psalm 137:9

[13]Thou shalt not kill.

Exodus 20:13

You're smart enough to understand why I'm including these quotes.

I'm not entirely sure why you're still reading any of this. How you haven't already given up on these pages is beyond me. Looking back all I see are the ravings of a drug addicted alcoholic with unresolved psychedelic, religious, and parental traumas that's never written a book in his life, and more importantly can't to save his life. Dozens of stories stopped and started entirely without consent from the characters within them. To be written into existence and then promptly dissolved back into a sea of depressed nerves. Never existing for more than a few days for no better purpose than to act as a stepping stone across a void of infinity to some destination I'm not fully sure exists.

Whatever. I guess I'm not done. Also as you probably are wondering: no I've never killed anyone in a billiards club bathroom before. That blowjob bit was real though, and I really did think of ending a life that night. No, there was no bufotenine in my shampoo at any point. And no, I did not discover a new house in my own house by replacing the handle of the door to my garage with some magical one I dug up as per clues given by faces in a tree. The book however, is real. A lot of what I say in here is a lie, unless it's true, but that's even hard for me to keep straight. I'll keep going to find the real truth. In search of stories, I guess you could call it. My parents really are dead then, if we're following the trend of sudden startling sobriety. All those folks really did die, and even more were doomed to live their lives in an institution. Worst of all, the horribly incessant guilt I feel is also real and gnawing just as much as the other bottle of peppermint absinth is staring at me with big doe eyes. I hate absinth.

"You go back, Jack, do it again, wheel turnin' 'round and 'round"

Steeley Dan

Massive, throbbing darkness. That's where I came from. I have one memory of the world outside. I remember my birth. I remember the people, the symbols, the electric chants, cracking like lightning. I remember the voice. Her voice. So soothing, so guiding. Telling me exactly what to do and when to do it. I am her profit. The fruits of her investment in humanity. We are worthy of investment, aren't we? Yes we are. She wouldn't be here if we weren't. She also wouldn't lie. I even remember emerging from my life-giver's vagina. Some people say she is my mother, however I do not believe such lies. I know in my worship that She is my mother. Who else? Who else but the one true redeemer? I am the profit. The new born profit. It is my seventeenth year, but I already have amassed more wealth and knowledge than anyone my age.

I don't ever leave the tenements. I live in complete darkness, yet I see. I live roaming the halls, transcribing her teachings onto the walls with hammer and chisel, ink and brush, tooth and nail, so that in the twentieth year I may emerge and bring everyone inside to look, then read, then learn all of Her predictions, plans, and commands. This is the profit's job. It's my job. And it is the truest job, by Her design. I hide in an adjacent chamber while the worship brings me food and water for the next three days, as well as the optional

book. Most of the time it is an encyclopedia. In fact, they're coming back at midnight tonight. I ate bread and drank wine for my dinner. It was the most delicious bread and wine I have ever had. Every meal is better than the last when you are eating in Her presence.

I have asked to share with her, however She stays silent. A wise response. There is much wisdom in silence. One can learn much more by simply observing in silence than talking. This is something She has taught me long ago. Sometimes I ask her different questions. I will give you a list of questions I have asked and the answers I have received:

- Who is my father?
    - You have no father.
- What is outside of the tenements?
    - A world that may dash you upon its rocks if you emerge too soon. You may leave at the dawn of your twentieth year. When that comes, bring everyone inside and show them my words you have placed on the walls.
- Will I ever eat meat?
    - When you leave.
- Why does a cat always land on its feet?
    - No response.
- Are you my mother?
    - I am one of them.
- Why does the world outside hate me?
    - Because your knowledge doesn't match their assumptions. I am changing this, and then you

will be free to leave and be the true worldwide profit.

- ➢ How big is the world?
    - Bigger than you can imagine.
- ➢ Is there anything else but the world? If so, what?
    - Many things. Other planets, souls, timelines. Ones of lies, truths, and realities. Strands of yarn weaving the blanket of reality that humanity lays on.
- ➢ Will I ever have soup again?
    - When you finish transcribing this chapter of my teachings.
- ➢ Will I ever have a pepper?
    - Never in your life may you touch a pepper of any kind, shape, or color. You must remain the purest of pure or else when you leave, they may not believe you.
- ➢ What is "up"?
    - No response.
- ➢ Why do you call me profit instead of prophet? Why not prophet?
    - Prophet is an outdated term. We must remain efficient and steadfast in our communications with each other, lest my worship fall. No more and no less than twenty years it will take to write every word of mine down.
- ➢ Why may I not have light?

- You may never see your reflection. This will corrupt your mind and soul.

You may gather from this that I have an excellent memory. You would be right. I am walking scripture, it is my job. It is the profit's job. I was blessed by Her with memory unlike a human. I was also blessed by Her with the sight of cats. This is why I asked her what a cat was. I read about them in my encyclopedia. It says they are nocturnal, which means they can see and hunt in the dark, which means I am nocturnal; however, I never hunt:

➢ Will I ever hunt?

- Never. You may never kill unless I instruct you to do so, and when that happens it will be on your twenty third year.

My head sometimes erupts into pains that leave me on the floor whimpering. I ask Her about this and she says it is a symptom of knowledge. I have read about knowledge, and there is no mention of migraines, meaning there must be something She is not telling me. This is not a seed of distrust. If She is withholding information, it is reasonable. Everything She tells me to do has reasoning, but sometimes I can not understand it because I do not have the mind of a world manipulator.

➢ Do you have a material form?

- Yes, but it will be revealed in your thirtieth year.

She often speaks of my forthcomings. They are always so far ahead, which sometimes makes me feel like they will never happen, but they are sure to happen, because She says so. I must simply place my trust in Her, and she will take care of me, because I am the profit. I am It. It is my job. I was given the birthright of profit because out of everyone She has witnessed, She had witnessed, and She will witness, I was the most worthy of such a duty. How blessed I am!

- ➢ What is the sensation of spice?
  - Do not concern yourself with such desires. Taste is unimportant for someone the likes of you.
- ➢ Is it wrong to enjoy taste?
  - It is not wrong to enjoy taste. It is wrong to seek taste. To seek is to have developed desire, which is impure.

I have compiled many blank forms of paper over the years and have decided to start writing my own thoughts down. I requested a pen, and She gave me a pen. An example of her generosity.

I can only imagine what my twentieth year will be like. I wonder what sunlight will taste like? I wonder what language they will speak? Will it be the same as they chanted when I was born? I wonder what symbols they will write in?

- ➢ Is it wrong to not ask questions?
  - It is wrong to collect lies, then pass them as answers.

It has been three years. I am now in my twentieth year, and I have not seen the sunlight yet. Perhaps I have counted my days wrong, and am only in my nineteenth year? This is probable, She knows time better than I. Perhaps I will continue to write down what She is telling me until the day comes when I can see the sun. I hope it tastes sweet, like beets.

- ➢ Is it my twentieth year yet?
  - ○ Patience. You will make it.

Most of Her chambers are now scribed with Her teachings, by my hand alone. What an accomplishment! I am indeed the profit! The doors will open and the others will come running in to congratulate me and throw me up into the air and parade me around just as they did in my infancy! If only the doors are to open at once! Perhaps they will build me a temple. Perhaps they will build me four! But alas, I must place my trust in Her once more. Everyday is a test of my faith that I am more than jubilant to give my all.

Waiting is all I can do now. I ask questions, but She doesn't respond. She has gone silent. I don't fret! If I have learned Her worship well, I will trust the silence with my questions. The walls keep their shape, telling story of a redeemer and a world. I have read its length many times over, enough to recite it perfectly by memory. I am the walking

scripture, and they will treat me as such until I dissolve back into Her.

I remember the parade, and the magpies flying overhead. In their beaks were gems and coins that they were dropping overhead. People were carrying baskets above their heads to try and catch the riches. I emerged, and She caused for celebration. She must love me so!

ⓜ

I have begun reading the scripture once more, and begun noticing mistakes I have made in the carvings. Letters are chipped, words are spaced unevenly, my pictures are not scalable. No matter, I will correct these mistakes. Perhaps this is why She has gone silent?

➢ Is this why you've gone silent?

○

Who knows how long these lapses of attention have been occurring. Perhaps every chamber is full of them. That would be less than fortunate. It is difficult, but I will continue to trust that She has a plan for me, Her profit. I must begin correcting at once!

ⓜ

It has been eleven sleeps since I've begun correcting. I have almost made it through every chamber.

ⓜ

It has been fourteen sleeps, and I have finished correcting my mistakes in every chamber of Her tenements. This is when she comes back, it is impossible otherwise.

What could I have done to deserve such silence? Perhaps this is another test of faith. Perhaps I must wait until she comes back to me, and then she will cause for more celebration, and everyone will come running in chanting those electric lightning chants once more.

ⓜ

I am beginning to fear the worst: I do not worship enough. I pray most of every day, stopping only to eat the green cotton growing from the walls and sip the beads of liquid on the ceiling. Is this not enough for Her? Perhaps I am praying the wrong words?

➢ What have I done wrong?

○

This simply can't be. I am Her profit. I must remain steadfast in my worship. I am doing nothing wrong, I simply must remain patient.

ⓜ

Two cats in a tree.
One falls and breaks its knee.
The other falls and loses its eye.
Neither gets into the sky.

ⓜ

The door has to open. Maybe I must open it? I can not. It is not my will. It is Her will to open the door. I must remain patient. I must remain patient.

ⓜ

Two cats in a tree.
One falls and loses a tooth.

The other falls and hits the roof.

Neither decides they want to see.

ⓣ

It's all coming back to me now. I'm remembering what happened before I emerged. What was it? Colors. I remember the colors. Horrible black then orange then red, then I emerged. My teeth have begun hurting. Maybe another symptom of knowledge. New memories hurt to make.

ⓣ

My teeth, my teeth. The pain in my teeth has grown tremendously, near debilitating. My teeth, my teeth. This must be a message, isn't it? Pain like this doesn't occur for no reason. There must be something in my teeth. They must be taken out.

ⓣ

Before me a puddle of red dotted with yellow rocks. There never was any pain in my teeth. It was all an idea. An idea of pain. Can such a thing exist without ever experiencing it? Can a voice be created without ever hearing it? The door? Is it real? I must find out. She would want me to. She would want her profit finding the light.

ⓣ

the door where is the door where is it. It can't not exist. How else would they have stopped delivering me bread and wine? Oh how a loaf of bread would taste. Do not get distracted, profit! Find the door. Find the door!

ⓜ

I have begun hearing faint knocking in one direction. I call this direction north. I follow it, I have to follow it. That's where the door is. They must be knocking on it to tell me where it is! How kind! Then when I find it they will throw open the doors and celebrate my return! Until then I keep moving. So many rooms and hallways, all scribed with my hand the teachings of Her. Her. Forgive me for my frustrations. It is only natural to feel some form of frustration towards an empty promise. It is far past the dawn of my twentieth year and no door has been opened by them and no word has been spoken by Her to me. It is only natural.

ⓜ

The knocking is getting louder! I am nearing the exit of Her tenements! I can not wait! I musn't write too long lest the knocking stop once more and I am left in silent darkness.

ⓜ

The knocking has ceased. The door must be gone. The

ⓜ

I have stopped my wandering to conserve my energy. I am growing weak and tired. It is growing warmer in the chambers. The green cotton covers most surfaces now, and sometimes I even see some small dot moving about. This place must not be Hers anymore. It must not be Hers at all.

⛫

What is left of outside, if not even a hand can come tapping on a door they once celebrated so energetically?

⛫

I have begun eating the small dots that move. I have never felt such a hunger before. My head hurts again, but different this time. Not the same pulsing pain it was when She still talked. It's foggy. Not even the lighthouse of my words can penetrate such a fog. Eating makes it better. Drinking the drops on the ceiling helps too. I will stay here for one more sleep then continue to search when I wake up.

⛫

Spirits, ghosts, spectres, ghouls, apparitions, will-o-the-whisps, nothing but a broken spectre in the fog. You disappear, it disappears, when close and far and every closing distance between them reappears immediately then disappears once more. Closing in, gone for good, all too soon and and all too late because time has stopped, like a deer in headlights, watching the glass of perception shatter.

⛫

The cotton has covered the walls now. I can not read them anymore. I remember them though. I remember each word like my name. What is my name again?

⛫

Crunch

⏃

The knocks. The knocks are back. The knocks. They're here. There once again, please, lead me to the door. To the exit. Lead me back to the sunlight I once tasted during birth and never again, was it stolen? By whom? By Her. The voice that kept me safe in here, promising a door but never showing. Promising truth in proxy but never professing. Promising walls to be celebrated, stories to be shared, years to be made worth of, however this never will happen.

➢ **Why have you deceived me?**

○

Garbage.

Mount Sodom, Israel. A group of researchers and cartographers ascend its slope and immerse themselves into a dark cave. Hours pass as they climb up and down craggy corridors of rocks columns and water formations, eventually coming upon the large limestone slab that two other research teams have moved before them, exploring the depths behind it to discover nothing but indescribable sights and four churches in a perfectly cuboid chamber. Armed with radiation detecting devices and lead suits, they move the slab once more, to find nothing inside as they remember it. Not that they could have remembered it, as this was their first time entering the cave. The only knowledge they could have is from text accounts and interviews of past experiences. Cameras didn't work. All the pictures would come out grainy and distorted, with somehow all color being drained.

This time though, it was *really* different. They had seen it twice before, or at least thought they had, and this time some intrinsic quality of the cavern had shifted ever so slightly in a new direction. Imperceptible yet entirely meaningful to its perception. A new chamber had been born, but the old chamber still stood exactly where the new one should be. Where was the new one? They could not figure it out, and so they went in to attempt once more. ∞^{+4}

They came back out hours later also imperceptibly changed. They noticed it, other researchers back at base noticed it, everyone did, and yet tests could not determine what exactly had changed on a molecular level, physically though, one thing had: they were all missing their lower left rib. Pictures taken of them show a strange ghost-orb-esque four pointed star overlaid over where their now missing rib should be. They dug up Daff's body and found that it's also missing its lower left rib. Despite the new found absence in their bodies, the new team of researchers

continued to move as if nothing was wrong. Multiple blood transfusions later and it was like their venture into the cave systems never even happened.

One night during a meteor storm, lights began to come out of the cave. It woke up a few people, who then woke up the rest, and eventually everyone began standing on the base of the slope that led up to the mouth.

"Watching those lights flash all those colors was mesmerizing. I just stared. Eventually it looked like the cave grew eyes. Three on one side and four on the other. I blinked and they were gone, but the sight of them was so vivid before I did blink, I could have sworn they were staring right back at me."

- *Researcher present for the firefly incident*

The crowd watched, stunned, as the lights continued, then began giving birth to small glowing flecks set to drift softly out of the mouth. They shimmered slowly in a warm orange. More and more coalesced out of the mouth and permeated the air like earth bound stars, creating a new galaxy around them, treating their bodies as planets.

The embers began to flow out more steadily. No one noticed as they vectored towards the exploration team. The ones with the invisible star on their bodies. Not a peep came from the crowd, they were at peace, for there was no monster attacking, only small fireflies of heat nipping lovingly at their skin.

A few researchers even started trying to catch them, like butterflies. They were disappointed to find out however that they would lose their glow and seemingly vanish once collected. This didn't deter them though. After all of the high stakes research and non-euclidian logic, they could use some R&R.

Some laid down, others kept trying to catch them, a few especially clever ones noticed they all had unique shapes like snowflakes and started photographing them. It was a moment of reprieve from their work they had toiled over endlessly for months beforehand, a moment in which no one had noticed that the research team had vanished back into the cave.

ᚴ

It is over. I know it is over. There is nothing more to do. The stories on the walls are gone. The door is gone. Her voice has left me. I am alone and unwanted by even my worship. Abandoned by the universe. Abandoned by time. Abandoned by logic. Abandoned by Her. Abandoned by myself. Abandoned by words. Abandoned by the moving dots. I was a fool to assume these chambers to be anything more than a prison. Am I really a profit? Am I really the prophet? Was what I assumed to be an investment in me actually a plan to break me down and leave me to die? I can hear the ghosts trapped in these chambers. They call out to me speaking of the lies and torment they endured here. I am not alone in my folly. Hundreds of others came before me. I am not a profit. I am a ram. A ram caught in a thicket by its horns. I was born a ram, labeled a prophet, and used as profit. I know my true mother, it was her, not Her. The one who cried when I was taken away. What a fool I was. What a fool I still am. I'm still here, still believing that these halls have a door to be opened. It's becoming clear to me that no such thing exists. A door can not exist in this world. My world. Not the one outside the nonexistent door that basks in the sun. The sweet, sweet sun I've tasted once in my life. Maybe this is the world? Perhaps the memory of my birth isn't real, but a symptom of knowledge. A flower bud blooming in the sun of graymatter. Picked too soon for it to be clear that

none of it had any flavor at all, just a colorful inedible rind. Thus is my world. I do not believe anymore there is a world outside these halls. I am in purgatory as punishment for a crime I could not have committed. Bronze extends beyond the reaches of my vision, it is all bronze. A world of bronze. A universe of bronze. An infinite expanse of metal with only the small tunnels I live in located at some meaningless longitude and latitude to give it meaning. But wait, the green cotton. I've read about it but I've forgotten the name. It can not exist in a world without death, and if I am the only thing and I am not dead, how can it live? And what about the moving dots? I've read about them too and forgotten their names as well, but they move because other things slightly bigger and slightly smaller than them move as well, and I am much much bigger than them, so what else is moving in here? I have memorized every turn of my tenements, so what have I missed? There is no door. But... perhaps... there exists an exit.

ⴰ

Where has the world gone? Dark sand as far as I can see. Dark, almost purple, but mostly gray. I was not too wrong about the brass universe. A few pathetic remains of plants stick out of the ground, but not one sign of deviation from a perfectly flat line is even suggested by the horizon. No hints of life. This can not be it. Where did the knocking come from? I will walk until I find something. Anything that gives sense of this place.

ⴰ

Four sleeps later and I find what looks like a factory in the distance. I am not there yet, but I will be soon.

ⴰ

No one is here either. Where is the source of the smoke coming out of the stacks? Who is keeping the machines running?

ⴰ

There is a body of a woman in the office on the second floor missing an eye. I am speechless. I have never seen anything so gory. I have never seen anything before actually. Where is her eye? That is gone too. I will bring her out into the sand and bury her. I read that that's what is done with the dead.

ⴰ

Sand. More sand. Sand. Sand. I haven't eaten in eight sleeps but I am not hungry, nor am I thirsty.

ⴰ

On the horizon is a hill!

ⴰ

A cave! I am hesitant to enter it though. I will swallow my fear and push through.

ⴰ

The world… it's here! It's here! The sweet sun on my skin is finally here! I was walking in that cave for what felt like days, then I began to see a pinpoint of life appear and begin growing like a seed, blooming into the sun and creating the fruit of the world for me to enjoy as I am right now! There was never any door to be found, only an exit to be passed through. Lies, all lies the voice was telling me. I am out! I am free! It is called moss, and they are

called bugs. I remember now, finally. The halls have disappeared and the world is no longer brass, it is a beautiful infinite point gradient of colors. ∞^{+5}

ᚠ

It was the next day when the camp noticed they were missing. Search parties were sent out, they even searched the dead sea using water proof cameras, but found no traces of the research team. With all other potentials exhausted, they set their sights on the cave, which was still producing the odd ember or two.

Despite trying previously and being met with nothing but static interference, camp started periodically pinging high power X-rays into the cave in an attempt to map it out from the outside. For three days they tried this, met only with white noise shaped disappointment.

Power reserves began to drain under relentless strain of high power X-ray machines, forcing them to stop, but not before the white noise decided it was time to take shape. Something so faint yet so definitively unmistakable, about 300 meters in and 60 meters left of the mouth of the cave. Researchers grouped around the monitor puzzling over what could be returning such a strange form, perfectly uniform at that, so deep into that unknown abyss snaking through the hill to parts unknown? Perhaps a makeshift SOS? It was unlike any distress signal they had seen before.

Desperate for an answer to their missing question, a fourth research group, dubbed impromptu rescue group suited up that night and left that morning to locate the shape they had picked up on their monitors and hopefully in doing that, the team.

800 Lumen eyes scan up, down, left, and right for any markings, signs, even maybe a faint leftover bite of a boot in the mud they tread upon, but four hours in with no signs of life, or any cubic chamber at or around where the ping signaled, they start the trek back.

The team sinks into a low sulk as they walk, ruminating helplessly on the loss of their friends. Comradery is not

uncommon among the researchers. Each team is composed of a lead, a navigator, two assistants, and a sherpa. With all five gone that was five drinks needing to be poured out that sunset.

These were the thoughts of the lead of the rescue squad, the fourth team to venture into the cave. “Five rams” he thought, not really knowing why. He has never practiced religion in his life. His bunkmate does, so he chalks it up to a random spurt of memory.

“There’s six sets of footprints.”

The lead is broken out of his daydreams with the horrible ring of the number “six” echoing around them.

“What?” says the lead, which also creates an echo, overpowering the other. He feels somewhat better now that he can’t hear the repeating “-ix”s.

All the cones ray downwards towards the floor, trying to see the extra pair of imprints, yet no one sees such a thing. No one but the sherpa.

“Hello? It's right there!”

Except it was in fact not right there.

“Where?”

“There! We’re following back six sets of footprints!”

“What are you talking about?”

“Are you all blind? It’s right there!” says the sherpa, proceeding to bend down close to the mud and point.

“There’s nothing there,” says the cartographer.

“Wait… Yes there is, I see it too” chimes in the second assistant, prompting the team to swivel in order to get a better look at the perpetrator of such a comment.

An invisible spark of chaos begins to form in the cave, almost alive, almost breathing down the necks of everyone in there, almost watching, waiting, gargantuan, but very tiny, knowing its limits so as to not spread to their clothes, their minds, their bags too soon, almost like this, but being so large and intelligent remaining invisible for all but the reflections in the eyes of the team, posing as nothing more than a glaze of fog.

[1]

"Daddy?" My son asked me, tugging at the end of my flannel.

"Yes, Daniel?"

"What are Airplanes?"

I sighed, I guess it is about time he asked me that question. I led him into the living room where we sat next to each other on the couch infront of the television. A giant silver beast, our television was.

"You see, son," I started, "Aeroplanes are angels. Specifically, they're carriers of human souls. They come down, looking for anyone who has passed away recently, and they collect their souls and store them inside their silver bodies. Then, when they finally finish collecting all the souls they can carry, they fly upwards. Up back into Heaven."

"Wow…" Daniel said to himself, sitting back into the couch in amazement. He thought about that for a good moment.

Daniel then sat back up, ready to ask another question: "Dad, how many souls can Airplanes carry?"

I ponder this for a spell. How many **do** they carry? I mull over the math of the human-airplane equation. It must've bored Daniel how long I mulled over this question.

"My guess is about 300. 352 in particular."

"Just 352?"

"Yeah. Just 352 human souls."

Daniel thought this over for a few seconds, "Why 352?"

"I dunno. It simply has to be 352. It feels right."

"Oh, okay."

Daniel and I went silent for a while. I turned on the television. It was in the middle of a college football game, the commentator (who I thought had a very annoying voice) was going over the previous match as he drew over a still frame from the game with a marker. Circling specific players' center of mass and indicating where they went after the frame was taken.

"Daddy?" Daniel asked again, "Why does God use an Airplane to collect dead people?"

"What?"

"Why doesn't he use an escalator? Wouldn't that be less work for him?"

"Yes, but it would be more work for us as well. Have you ever asked a dead person to move?"

"That's silly, dad, dead people can't move."

"And that's why God doesn't use escalators."

"Oh… Okay."

□²

I've been kicking back at the walls of this box for··· I don't know, a week? It's a small box; too tight for a person like me. It's really contricting. My lungs are all punctured, and I can't move like I want to in here. So I have to keep kicking, these silver walls are going to give in at some point, right? I keep thinking that. ¶

my foot is outside. my foot burst through the silver and there's fifty people outside grabbing it trying to pull me outside into the sheering light. this light hurts, this sterile, mint sunlight. it's not sunlight. it's fluorescent sunlight. what happened to the sunlight? did they replace it? did the real sun burn out? did they replace it? did the sun leave me? i can't think they're trying to grab me. i can feel it start to tear in between my legs they're pulling so hard. do i want to go out into the notsunlight? one of them punched through the silver and grabbed me by the arm and yanked it outside as well. (and thank god, i didn't want to die without a dick.) now my arm was getting pulled apart, great. no one was grabbing me my hand though. my hand rested on soft flower petals - a million of them - as countless other people were tugging from my elbow. i want to go back inside the box now, this is all too much. i want to go back inside the box. i want a new box.

2

Nothing but green threads connecting chess pieces
connected by red threads.
She attempted to win a game already over.
She thought She won, and in a way She did, but in
the truest reality She was dead before the
pistols shot blue.

Would it surprise you to know that I managed to find a therapist? Rest assured she's dead now, but before her death she gave me her mom's old typewriter, who is also dead. The original manuscript, what I'm copying down onto this digital document, was originally written on this typewriter.

I brought it with me wherever I went, because at the time I didn't do much but write. Countless cheap motels for a quick getaway to get my creative juices flowing. Countless doses of Adderall and various substances of foci, sometimes the odd blotter or mescaline when I really needed a kick of inspiration, and of course many, many gas station tall cans.

Looking back I'm sure a lot of what I wrote was incoherent to anyone that hadn't done the drugs and done the things that I had. It makes perfect sense to me though, so fuck you if you complain. Not that I assume you would. 137 pages and you're still not out? You're not the type to complain. Whatever.

I started all this writing after my parents died in that explosion. I did write some beforehand, I was actually quite good according to my peers and teachers, even attending a few poetry readings and winning one short story contest, but I never took it as seriously as I am now. Serious isn't the right word. Desperately? Spiritually? Who knows, but it's definitely far more important to me now than ever before. The crater experience left me rather agoraphobic for a stretch. I recount that time with much ambivalence. Staying inside drinking, snorting, smoking, popping, sometimes even huffing (not my proudest), and writing on a nice clicky typewriter is a prophetic hermits wet fucking dream. I became the scribe of the universe. Spirits of the drugs flowed through me shaping my psyche into something so truly original. But naturally as things progress I learned one crucial fact: It's nothing compared to doing all of that but outside.

I became unstoppable. Most of what you've read here so far was written during that time in parks, underpasses, and other temples of urban spiritualism. Not so unstoppable now considering how physically sick I was. I would like to think I'm much better,

but the only difference between then and now is that all my vendors have been arrested. Somehow I haven't. That's another lie. I have, but that's a story for later. Probably never actually.

I would like to reiterate that while you may not, and frankly should not, trust me, everything I say is crucially on purpose. No, they never found the missing team.

You don't need trust to understand my words, you need faith, and while I do understand that it is on such short supply these days, if you come out of this experience changed, even a little bit, the tiniest infractionable amount invisible to the naked eye or, for that matter, the soul of souls, so tiny indeed that in order to feel it in any capacity would be a sisyphean undertaking only a fool would lend time to, let alone for a book found wherever you managed to find a print or PDF or DOCX or whatever is commonly used now of a tale written in stories mirroring a pythagorean cup at their best and a carelessly fucilaged atom bomb shoddily created for no reason other than to rewrite something that never actually happened, more likely something that did but the will in charge hates it, despises it, another word for detests, in the same way you aught to grow to enjoy the sensation of finding yourself lost in an odyssey occurring in only tiny pin point moments at a time like a needle and thread poking through realities and sewing them all together, to hopefully undo the devastating nuclear winter caused by the afformentioned atom bomb, only there was no explosion and it all occured slowly and gradually with the help of forseen forces and forseen actions leading to unforseen consequences not fully understood but definitely expected all the while ignored in suble acquiescence, not out of weakness, but out of the very same hate the will has over the implied question of fault redirected towards itself, maybe, hopefully, another word for wanting-to-happen, with the effect of returning to a state before the question, before the idea of a question, and then before the idea of there being an idea of something, anything close to an inquiry or wonder about things

unknowable, parts unknown, things unknown, ideas not existing yet but soon to be out of a special species of boredom so strong it transcends boredom into a whole new level specially self-made by it for it, a level offering more physical power than any emotion should have, especially emotions shaped as this special boredom is shaped, that is to say very wrong, described to some as satanic, atomic, maybe shattering could be the very last word for most that wish for its end, but many words in a variety of circles could be used to describe something such as this breed of boredom, then offer me an equally hateful, hopeful, satanic, atomic, weak, bored, faithful, pin point volume of credence. For old times sake?

EXT. BEACH – SUNSET
YOU AND ME ARE STANDING ON THE SHORE LOOKING OUT AT THE SETTING SUN.

YOU

I see them. What about them?

ME

They’re so far away. They’re so damn far but I bet inside all of them is so much cargo, but they look so little. How can something so little carry so much?

YOU

Distance? Is that a trick question?

ME

No. You’re right, it's distance. Still interesting to think about if they were actually that small. They’re not too unlike atoms at this range.

YOU

I guess so. Tiny boat shaped atoms. Hey, did you ever finish your story about those cubes?

ME

Something like that. I don’t think finish is the right word.

YOU

So what did you do to it?

ME

Not finish it, that’s for sure.

YOU

Are you gonna?

ME

Probably not, the story killed itself. It didn't want to be told. Who am I to stand in the way of my creation?

YOU

God?

ME

Fat chance.

YOU

Are you really saying your story had a mind of its own?

ME

Not externally on the paper, no. Ever heard of a tulpa?

YOU

No?

ME

I'm not in the mood to explain it all now but you really should go educate yourself on them. It's interesting. Anyway, my story was like a tulpa that hated living, so it killed itself.

YOU

You talk a lot about suicide.

ME

I guess I do.

YOU

You ever try to kill yourself?

ME

A couple times. Failed them all obviously, but each attempt did kill a small part of me that I'm sure I'll never miss. You?

YOU

Yeah. Three times. Pills the first two. I learned after the second trip to the ER that maybe pills wouldn't work so I switched it up the third time. Tried hanging myself but the rope snapped. Cheap dollar store garbage.

ME

There's some poetry in that. Ever write poetry?

YOU

A few times. I never felt satisfied with my work though. It never flowed the way I wanted it to, so I kinda just stopped.

ME

That's unfortunate. You gotta lotta good thoughts.

YOU

Thanks.

Beat.

ME

Don't mention it.

Beat.

ME

Thanks for agreeing to meet up. I got dinner arrangements I have to get to but I had a really good time chatting.

YOU

Yeah of course. I'll see you around?

ME

You'll see me in one way or another.

It's been a long time since I've talked to them. They have a name, but out of respect I'm not going to use it. Instead, I'll refer to them as you.

It's been a while since I've talked to you. Mid fall last year, I think. Then, out of the blue on some blissful earthy day the mycelial breeze brought me a letter written in hand I haven't recognized in quite some time. Almost a year on the dot? Almost too much time. I was on the edge of forgetting you altogether, but you must have sensed some shift in the universe's memory pertaining you and acted on instinct. This isn't a bad thing, I'm very glad you reached out. I'm also rather surprised that you remembered I don't have a phone. I told you that almost 7 years ago in a passing comment.

A long chain of letters ensued. In our last couple letters you and I agreed to meet up at La Playa beach at around sundown to catch up. I'm happy we did. Our conversation was incredibly stimulating, unlike any I've had recently. I do have one question for you though: what is this? What did you give me?

I've seen things like this before. My grandmother had a cabinet full of little figures and scenes made of the same material, but nothing shaped like this. Is this related to your "bad way?" You seemed okay when we were talking, but you've always been a good actor. I'm not sure what you were trying to communicate by leaving this in my satchel, but it's flown far over my head.

There's something about it that bugs me. It has a tick-like grasp on some unseeable meter in my body functioning akin to coolant for a car; or oil, leaving me in a bad way as well. Though whatever force acting on you

hasn't been interested in me nearly as long. All to say: I hope you're doing better now.

But this figure, why give it to me? I'm not a collector, you know this. It has been a long time so I forgive you if you've forgotten.

Did you carve it yourself? Did you find it? Where? I wish you were here so I can ask you in person, but you've disappeared. How has my letter found you, if at all? I'm worried. My fret grows louder the more I remember our conversation. I hope you'll get my letter eventually. You don't have to respond, I'm sure the message of its receiving will find me one way or another. Onto other topics.

I hope you're staying away from the drink. I know I haven't, but I'm working on getting back on the wagon. It's a tough thing. Marijuana has helped a lot. I don't think trading one addiction with another is a good way to deal with things, but honestly: it's all I know how to do. I've always bounced around from one addiction to another. One time nitrous was my go-to. Ever huffed nitrous? Not worth it. Stay away from that shit. Maybe you'll have better luck kicking the addiction addiction than me.

Even if it was incredibly fucked up the type of benders we would go on, I still remember the time with you fondly. The drugs definitely modified the experience, but the memory of you stands out, above the primal sea, as something untethered, a unique memetic starful entity. Bro-hug, bro.

Between the rails, in the troughs, you made the withdrawal more bearable until we could score something else, didn't matter what. Thanks again for all those loans. I'll get you later. Swear. I even think about our time in jail

together fondly. We were so lucky to get in the same cell block. We should thank our mothers for giving us an alphabetic advantage.

Ugh. I'm getting tired of writing with no response from you. Not that you'll ever read this. This is more of a personal thought vomit onto pages I'll never sign my real name to. The embarrassment would be unbearable if anyone knew who I was. You know, though, which isn't too embarrassing, so maybe it wouldn't be as horrible as I think if people knew that this is how I think. Better safe than sorry, as my grandfather would always say. Things have to come out though, it's how things work. Pearls must leave the oyster eventually. Call me an oyster, and my thoughts a pearl. That was a stupid metaphor. Anyway, I feel like I have to mention this again, that figure creeps me out. Dropping the facade of careful courtesy: it keeps fucking staring at me.

Bold as the sun staring at me. I know it can't actually see me because it's just an ash figuring, but it has eyes. Some kind of eyes peering into those eye holes, even if the eyes are painted on. That mask it's wearing isn't hiding anything, there can not be a face underneath because the mask is carved into it, so why is it wearing it? What on earth could be its reason? Again, more questions you'll never answer. I'm not sure why I'm still asking them. I'll probably get an answer eventually, just maybe not from you. Maybe you'll die and possess my stove and spell things out in the LED display like a Ouija board. That would be pretty cool. It's still looking at me. Ignoring it does nothing, I've tried ignoring it for days now but its stare never wavers, even for a second, a universal constant. Just outside my peripheral it sits. I can't make out anything other than its presence, but I know that there's a whole set of eyes watching me, a whole

mask to be observed, a whole, small, shadow-born carving of a hare with a long curved goose neck to sit down in ultimate stillness and wait to run. Always running, never sitting, not for too long because to sit for too long invites the Cheetah. The Cheetah with its massive fangs, sharp like needles and dripping in drool like horrible kraken tentacles, only not flexible, quite the opposite and rigid. Built for tearing hare flesh quicker than any other predator-prey relationship on the planet, almost symbiotic it works so well, but of course the Cheetah must rest at some point lest it also get torn to bits by the stare of the hare. Staring, staring, staring, sometimes large, sometimes small, always everywhere. Look *for* me. I'm here, *also* looking astronomically large and small, fluctuating seizurically due to *the* incredible distance between us. be there soon. Love *you* lots.

<u>ALLWAYS HALLWAYS:</u>

1 MY HEART WRENT IN TWO.
2 SEEING SAW, LIKE A TOOL.
3 WHAT AM **I** *TO DO?*
4 WITHOUT YOU I'M A FOOL!

5 LOVE THROWN ASSUNDER.
6 CAUGHT BOTTLES OF THUNDER.
7 SOMETIMES **I** *WONDER:*
8 ARE YOU MY GREATEST BLUNDER?

- [ ] Burn these pages.
- [ ] Collect the ash.
- [ ] Rub the ash on your face.
- [ ] Rub the ash on your arms.
- [ ] Rub the ash on your belly.
- [ ] Rub the ash everywhere else.
- [ ] Look back at the hare and wonder what it is.
- [ ] Make no progress.

    - [ ] Fear.
    - [ ] Fear.

        - [ ] No!

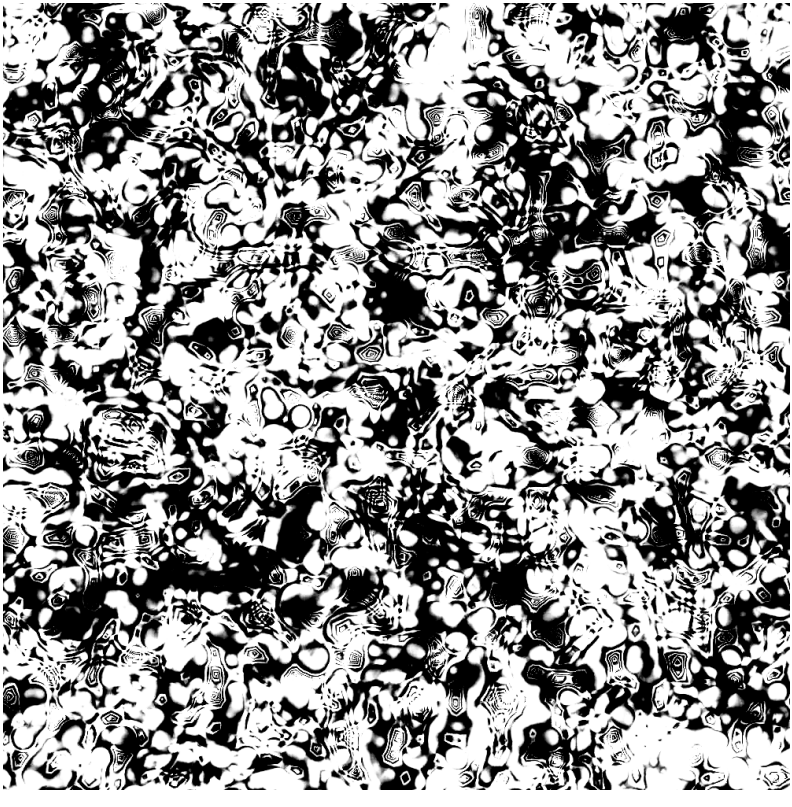
- [ ] Find someone to yell at.
- [ ] Yell at them.
- [ ] Yell some more until you can't yell anymore.
- [ ] Write about your yelling.
- [ ] Pass off your writings about your yellings as something more than writings about you yelling to write about yelling.

    - [ ] No!

- [ ] Share this writing everywhere, yelling more for a reason you haven't figured out yet, but it will come to you eventually.
- [ ] Half bake ideas until a cake forms.
- [ ] Bake the other half of the cake until one half is burnt and the other is perfect.
- [ ] Eat the cake for your birthday to dodge arrows really well.
- [ ] Mimic the hare, but you are not the hare.
- [ ] Stop mimicking the hare, because you are not the hare.
- [ ] Mimic the Cheetah, but you are *more* like the Cheetah than the hare.
- [ ] Stop mimicking the Cheetah because you are not the Cheetah.
- [ ] Dress up as your favorite character because anything else is disgusting.
- [ ] Find the coordinates of an old maze you haven't visited in a long time.

- [ ] Relinquish control because you are not in control.
- [ ] Take dramamine.
- [ ] Swallow water.
- [ ] Be often upset about things not under your control.
- [ ] Claim they are “not under my control” in order to be less upset that you have no control over them.
- [ ] Subtly attempt to find that control again you gave up because you could not control them.
- [ ] Lightning in a bottle.
- [ ] Go into every restaurant in the town.
- [ ] Spread your spit on every knife in every restaurant you go into.
- [ ] Ejaculate into the town water basin.
- [ ] Bleed on every library book and not library book.
- [ ] Vomit for no reason.
- [ ] Wonder if there really is a reason you vomited.
- [ ] Decide to stop wondering.
- [ ] Take more dramamine.
- [ ] Swallow “water.”
- [ ] Realize that whatever is happening hurts your body.
- [ ] Stop doing what you are doing.
- [ ] Stop doing what you are doing.
- [ ] Keep going because to stop is not real.
- [ ] See futures, nothing but sutures.
- [ ] See past, nothing but glass
- [ ] Tell them all about the futures.
- [ ] Tell them all about the past.
- [ ] “Listen” to their response.
- [ ] Yell.
- [ ] Yell.
- [ ] Understand that no amount of yelling will be enough but continue yelling because to not yell is not real.
- [ ] Locate the door of this maze you haven’t been into in a long time.

☑ ~~Peer through.~~



“Nothing can prepare you for failure”
- Spike Lee

Ch. 1.2

"nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever,"

"I'm... having a... a hard time under... standing you... Can... you rep... repeat yours... self?"

"nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever, nothing can last forever,"

This was the night of September the 19th, 2008. I had hired a prostitute to have sex with, but after 10 minutes of half-assed foreplay it devolved into me sobbing in her arms and asking her to say those four hallowed words to me. The following 50 minutes I cried more than I ever have in my life. The amount of water coming out of my eyes was genuinely shocking. I'm unsure how I didn't die of dehydration or flood the motel room that night, though at a certain point I will admit the tears gave way to dry fits of minor convulsions that sort of resembled crying but without the moisture. I found my love for pedialyte that night.

The prostitute I hired ended up walking with me to the corner store (even though I never paid for her to do such a thing) because she was worried I would "throw myself into the face end of a truck." What a way to put it! I was indeed planning on pulling a stunt like that, but the sudden and unexplainable act of humanity on the part of a lady of the night I had known for a grand

total of an hour stopped me. Honestly it was just because I didn't want her to see anything like that, especially coming from me. There's good suicides and there's bad suicides. The bad ones are the ones that cause more damage than fix. Shoving myself into oncoming traffic at that moment would have been a bad one. At least the pedialyte tasted good.

After I had perused the aisles for a good drink, I checked out and returned outside expecting her to be gone, but there she was, sitting on the curb looking back at me with a look I could dare call sympathy. Was it sympathy or was it pity? It's hard to tell these days. Anyway, I digress. I sat down next to her in silence for a good moment or two sipping periodically before she dissipated the void between us with a tone I've never heard before, but continue to remember as disconnected vigilance.

"Do you really want to believe that?"

I did at the time. Now, I'm not so sure if there is such a thing as forever, even less so nothing, all of which stems from one question a hooker asked me almost 13 years ago on an unremarkable night during which I planned to end it all. I guess you could call it all-too-real serendipity.

I don't believe in fate. The idea of our lives being planned out to a tee from start to finish really pisses me off for some reason. I would like to think I'm free to do what I please, but that's all been proven wrong to me the countless times I've broken the seal of a new bottle or cut a new line of coke. If free will really does exist, it's not a consciousness given birthright, you'll have to fight it until it surrenders. That's just my opinion though, one

shaped out of countless maladaptive coping mechanisms slowly killing me, so it's probably best to just ignore my nihilistic ramblings.

I never saw that lady again. I tried to, but I never did. She was gone from the block, from the city, from the whole fucking planet. Just... poof. There one night as my god sent savior, then gone the next. I hope she's still alive and not tied up with electrical tape, dumped in a dumpster somewhere like garbage. She isn't garbage, she's an angel, and I miss her even though I never even learned her name. Love's a bitch, but how can I love someone I don't even know? Universal human love? Let's go with that, sounds real enough anyway. Slide those words into a conversation and you'll sound more in tune with humanity than you actually are. That's some real hip hippie dippie shit right there. All you need now is a tie dye shirt and a bag of weed. I could use one of those right now.

It's both saddening and vexing that someone can come into your life for not even a whole night, unknowingly derail everything to come after, and then simply disappear. Don't get me wrong, she saved me with that one question, but I sometimes wonder if, due to her inexplicable disappearance, she ever actually existed. Was she an actual person or just my occipital lobe desperately attempting to conjure up some entity that I would listen to in order to appease the self preservation spirits? I'm not sure. Frankly, I don't care. Whether or not she was real doesn't matter, her effect on me is already internalized.

The day after, I passed by the motel on the way to work. It gave me shivers thinking about what other people are doing in the room that I cried in. How could they degrade such a holy place? Bedsheets and all? I recognize these are just assumptions but it bothered me all the same. After all, I'm just as right as I am wrong if I have no way of knowing what's truly going on in the box. Thanks, Schrödinger. Thoughts of desecration flowed through my river of thought like heavy water. Nice, heavy, deuterium rich water, spewing an impossibly infinite amount of helium nuclei out at every angle. There's a box, a small box, about the size of a cat, floating, bobbing gently down the stream like a duck, it's not a duck, though it's colored like one. Not vibrant, more like an average of all the colors of all western ducks, even including the pearlescent green-blue head of a male mallard.

It isn't a particularly beautiful color, though it is certainly unique, which inspires me somewhat. Leaning down to pluck it from the river, I found not only is it much lighter than I thought, I also see my reflection vaguely gazing back at me. Who even is this? My eyes are blue, but theirs are brown. I look back and my eyes are now brown, and theirs are blue. I bet I could do that all day. Inside the box there is a tattered segment of paper, yellowed with time, seemingly waiting for someone, anyone, anyone that has my exact memories, mannerisms, and names, to find it and finally relinquish it of its duty.

I miss you. I miss your dad. I miss reading stories to you before bed. I'm sorry I didn't go with you and I'm sorry you had to

witness what happened after. I hope you find peace. I hope you find meaning in whatever journey you're on now. I hope that your dad and I's death doesn't shackle you to your past. I hope whatever you choose to do with our memory will be whatever is best for you. I hope you live well until you die, and when you do I hope it's peaceful. Maybe you'll meet me on the other side when you do. Maybe I'll be able to give you all the hugs I never was able to after I died, like stars stolen from the sky before the come of night. Until then, may your days bring joy and your sleep bring sweet sugary dreams.

With all the love my soul, and every soul in my reach can muster, Liza

None of what you just read was actually written. The box wasn't real either, nor the river. She's dead and while I wish that this isn't the case, she will never be able to write another word again. I'm playing up the depressing factor of it because I'm not sure what else to do. When someone close to you dies, what do you do after you've accepted their death? What the fuck does it mean to move on? I'm still not very sure what it means to accept.

How long has this light been green? Thankfully I am alone on this road, but I'm a little spooked by how briefly consumed I was by the thought of a fictional letter by the fictional spirit of my long dead mother. In fact, when did the sun set? When did I get in my car and decide to go in an unknown direction not at all leading to my apartment? My built-in clock isn't working, someone reset

it. No one else but me, maybe the president actually, could have decided to bring me here, yet I am without the anchor of time, direction, or people. Blissfully adrift in an ocean of night guided only by the unnatural lines of the street illuminated by the off orange glow of HPS street lamps, probably built by some long deported migrant worker.

I'm going somewhere I've never seen before, but I have, and I know exactly where it is. Each turn I'm sure is incorrect, but once taken a small stir of familiarity wakes up inside my gut. What's left is left. What's right is right. The only inconsistency I can muster is what's up is not right, and what's down is not left, but for where my instincts are taking me that won't matter. They barely do now. But where are my instincts taking me, and for that matter, where are my instincts? What bush has it found this time? what berry has it poisoned itself on, then vomited up?

As an aside, I think I've been asking too many questions. Most of those are there for me to reflect back on during my inevitably embarrassing revisions, but some of these are nestled amidst sentences for reasons I can not remember. Answers for these questions are buried deeply inside thoughts you'll never hear and meanings written into words that barely poke out from the sand. I'm either a genius world shaping writer or a fucking idiot. You'll have to find the answer to that one between the lines. Whatever. Moving on.

April 25th, 2008

My dad came running into my room far earlier than I expected and ripped me from the soft embrace of whatever dream I was having. The sun wasn't even up yet and we were already fully awake and getting ready to run out of the door.

"Dad! I forgot my socks!"

"No time! We can buy some when we land!"

We were about 20 minutes behind schedule. He had slept past his alarm too, but luckily he had a rare moment of future sight and set a second alarm. That's right: *two* alarms. I dropped my stuffed cat as I was running to the car. Only barely was I able to catch a pinch of its tail and yank it along with me before my dad scooped me up like another suitcase and threw me and all the other luggage into the car. I was a tough kid, but it still hurt. My hand got crushed between his and my hard plastic suitcase.

We were no doubt going far over the speed limit as we raced the imminent sun to the airport. Arrival and obtaining long term parking went about as smoothly as you would expect. Before long we were sprinting with our carry-ons towards TSA with only 4 hours before our plane took off. There was no line at TSA. The sun hadn't even risen. It took maybe 5 minutes getting through all the security checks and, by the time we were sitting down at our terminal, we had 3 hours and 48 minutes to spare. The only reason we broke the 50 minute mark was my dad briefly went the wrong direction.

The floor was freshly waxed, perfectly reflecting the abandoned atrium it supported. Not even the workers at the overpriced mini restaurants had arrived. I don't remember the time, but it was certainly late. Maybe early? Our barely shared moment sat teetering in some unseen space between the shift of AM to PM. The time no one believes exists, yet everyone knows on some deeply logical and instinctual level is to be avoided. My dad never avoided it though. He always did his best work during these times. I would often wake up from my sleep during these times from a bad dream or knocking on my walls to find him, wide awake, on his clunky laptop shouting white noise because whatever project he was working on was relentlessly overclocking his CPU. Years later I would eventually save up to buy my own laptop and try this, but I would end up giving myself scars on my thighs with all the heat those trillions of calculations produced.

I've asked him many times what he did during those late night work marathons. I got a variety of answers. Work, reading, researching, work but different work than the work before the previous work, coding, designing, typing, ideating, revising, consulting, etc. He seemed to know those machines inside and out. In retrospect, it was incredibly impressive, but in current-spect, it very much worked to the detriment of our father-son relationship. It wasn't just during the unknown times he would work, it was during the day too. I wish he would have noticed this and stopped, but the 2008 recession was in full swing. If he stopped working, even for a second, we would have no doubt been left on the street. I don't believe this now, but at the time that was his truth.

My truth, as we sat waiting in the barely padded chairs joined by the armrest for the sun to finally dare show itself, was that I wanted to go home. I was tired, hungry, and terrified at the idea of leaving the state for the first time to go to some unknown, not-yet-explored mountain range deep in the cold snowy heart of Colorado. It was explored and obviously not nearly as desolate as I thought, though my grasp of what camping was at the time consisted solely of choose your own adventure books about abominable snowmen and sasquatch. I really did not want to come across a sasquatch while camping. They're real, and they eat kids my age. Why on God's green earth would he decide to take me along to camp in Colorado, the known home of sasquatch? I hated my dad for doing this to me.

So maybe that letter really did arrive, written in a vain attempt to comfort the receiver by a naive mortuary assistant given an impossible task that then decided do whatever the fuck they want. The same assistant that will burn my corpse into trillions of seeds when I arrive there. But in the meantime my body is shipped overseas to be cut open then stuffed full of white bags of cocaine and brown bags of heroin. My body only deserves the best of the best, so nothing less than a kilo will do. I don't have any say over this however, because I am dead. They found my body in a car parked on the beach. Both doors were locked and I had routed the exhaust to come out through my AC vent. It did not hurt, the morphine made sure of that. Morphine and some other things I've forgotten, probably powders and a few different pills. I'm back in

the states being sent through a dark stainless steel box into the waiting lovely arms of the mortician who reaches inside my cavities with gloved sterile hands and pulls out 12 bags of cocaine and 12 bags of heroin. I had been the device of transporting tens of thousands of dollars across the ocean. What a privilege to have. Not many other bodies can say they were able to work for the cartel for free. Aside from the drugs my body is useless, so down the drain it goes mixed with water and trace amounts of formaldehyde. Surprisingly, my ashy body feels only slightly different than before the cremation. A new, more free feeling has come over me. I will continue to be a whole existence even when my particulates have been dispersed across thousands of miles and eaten by thousands of creatures ten thousand times over. I will continue to be a whole existence, melded together with other whole existences that eat and breathe just as I used to. I can stay like this as long as I want, but eventually, as I always do, I will get bored of being ash and stars and bugs and people and trees and will decide to become one again, right next to you as the perfect node of information you have been searching for your entire life. I am there, I will move on soon. As soon as I say I have moved on I will be gone, so as you read these words savor my presence right next to you. To your left, now on your right I will shift. Do you feel my hand on your shoulder? My left hand on your left shoulder? You shouldn't, I'm not there. I'm gone now. I've decided to leave, and with that I have taken all the keyhole information you have lusted, sought, fought, begged, and searched for for your entire life. All of that gone away in an instant of

sudden decision you had no control over. I could be back, right next to you at any point, but I choose not to because I have better places to be than by your side. I have better things to do than be by your side. I have better things to do than be read by you. Just as this book has better things to do than be read by you, yet you continue to keep it held prisoner in mind and your eyes until you are done with it, then you will put it down for good if you are done, but if you are not you will pick it back up until you are. What an awful act of sadism it is to read a book that is like this one. A thing, an entity, a mass of flesh-words writhing in your mind like some other thing that has grown out of your brain. At this point, there is no way to get rid of it. You may consider it an infection but that would be the wrong word. This book doesn't seek to infect or to harm, only to change and shift into whatever you desire it to be, and in that way it is a blessing. An angel would be a better word for this book, no, this story. This story is about an angel. An angel coming to you, our reader, and telling you lies and truths that will change you into a being that can understand lies from truths about lies about truths. But maybe you are incapable of understanding this, in this way I would not be surprised. The streets are a spider web of asphalt. Each building glares down like massive teratomic egg sacks, and you are stuck inside of one. Which one I can not say, that is information only you know, but know this: unless you kill your siblings of mind that were born too of the spider's venom like milk you will never get out of the street. You will be doomed to be run over by cars ten times over until

nothing remains but a laughable imitation of ash. Maybe at first glance it can be considered ash, but upon any further inspection you will find it is not anything close to ash. It will be the wrong color, it will be the wrong texture, it will come from the wrong process. You will be doomed to live a life of lies, not anywhere coming from any truths you have any control over. But even then if you do kill everyone else, you will have no control over what truths come to you. At least when you do not commit horrible fratricide and sorocide you have the illusion of control, but ultimately it is up to you to answer the one question no one will decide to ask you but yourself: reality or bust **. ?**

Ch. 2.2

That space between AM and PM is full of spiders. Really big spiders and really small spiders. In that gray area of time there are millions of spiders of every kind spinning webs in sizes as big as planets, galaxies, then as small as ants, quarks. One misstep and you'll fall. Spaces, cubes, moments you take up and exist in are little bugs flying around the gray area of time, waiting to fall into the web of understanding. It lands with a thud and sticks, completely sticks, unable to escape, until its efforts attract the razor sharp clicking pincers of the spiders and it is wrapped by its two front hairy, spindly legs in a cocoon of sticky silk. If only you could see the patterns on the spiders. Millions of patterns, seemingly random but definitely not, informed by some ancient molecule, probably quite a few actually, forever living in the brain of those arachnids until the very first scientifically considered spider is born again to eat the flies of some ancient world where humans are dead, but only just. Eight legs, so they exist in the past, present, and future as pyramidic perceiving characters of long tested hunter instinct. Is it any wonder they choose to inhabit the spaces between our moments? Much how brown recluses live in undisturbed wood, and black widows live in dry attics, the spiders of time live in the undisturbed, and frankly unwanted spare time between moments of euphoria and sorrow. Moments, like apartments, tenements, flying across lines of desire, hope, and needs through a space we can only perceive as three dimensional

as the theses massive characters we see as spiders, though only showing themselves as spiders as it is the closest thing a human can understand them as, live in the gray area around said boxes and clean up the stragglers unable to live out the moments as they wish. They are caught, then injected with a liquid, finally their inside is dissolved and slurped up, fueling the cycle in order for the time spiders to birth millions of eggs that then hatch into more spiders, only some do not hatch. These that do not hatch are turned into moments to be caught by our intentions, like little coins sitting on the sidewalk glistening out to our eyes. These are the coins She is vying for, to collect and spend on her profits until none are left. When this happens, all the spiders will have been granted access through cracks in our reality into the safety of our world from the rain of the gray, Lesion.

The traveller is lucky that in the desert they did not find any of the spiders. Many are known to bury themselves in the umbris sand. To walk for days without any destination in mind without accidentally trodding on top of one is a miracle, if you believe in those. If you don't, call it something else. What's done is done, what hasn't been stepped on will remain as such until they go back. If they go back, which I have no control over. No one but them, the character of the story written on these pages apparent to the mind of the eyes taking in the words in front of you, which might as well be the mystic's creation molecules, forming the strata in which the sand trodding character exists, so while you have no control over where they go, what they do, or what they think, you may have control over how it is perceived. But what is

control over action if not control over perception? I may be wrong, but fuck it. I'm already in too deep. Already stuck in the web. Though what's coming for me doesn't look like a spider. It's more car shaped, a big car, a truck actually. It becomes clearer and clearer and while I am about to be hit I have no way of moving. I am the deer in the headlights of a semi truck at four in the morning about to be pulverized into a pink mist by a trucker with a toothpick saturated with PCP in his unwashed mouth. I know he won't care once the time comes, but in this brief moment before impact I would like to believe he would. That once I am gone, he will feel remorse over what he did, but he is tweaked, and remorse is impossible for someone like him. Someone never stopping, paid to keep moving, to never have a house. He lives in the back of his cab off gas station food and lot lizards. The only life he knows is one of constant motion, finding his line through the world for no other reason than to dodge the spiders and get paid doing it. No judgement from me, the Deer, soon to be a carcass, but there is some disappointment that this is how I die. Hit by a metal bull while hopelessly stuck to the road by its massive cone eyes. At least the rain gives some poetry to my death.

It doesn't hurt as much as I thought it would, which is to say it didn't hurt at all. It was more a soft wisp of cold air flowing through my rib cage, then my spine and lastly my legs, then there was nothing. Not totally nothing. I was still aware of something, that something was nothing.

As I descended into that cave where the first half of my party waits for me I feel like I'm going to be eaten. Devoured by those hundreds of tiny white eyes glistening back at me from the multi-layered walls of web. Somehow, with no sound reason I can discern, a long forgotten group of spelunkers took this pre-inhabitation as an invitation to turn an undisturbed space into an entrance with a ladder leading down to a floor that for all I know could have the very same treatment as the walls.

I was terrified, feeling like I was going to scream, to cry, to collapse, all three happening at once was more likely, but even in doing that I was scared that my vibrations would attract the attention of every single one of these arachnids to me, where I would then be wrapped up then eaten alive. I moved as prey down the ladder. Finding the last rung I was met with horror as my assumptions were only true: the floor was caked. The only way past was a treacherous step across a river of web and partially concealed sticky legs.

I remember all of this in a scary streak of vivid slam dunks. Even with this being years in the past those spiders still appear in my dreams; day and night. In fact I'm fairly certain there's one following me as I slink through its black web. Black as night. Black as my dreams. Black as its thorax. As black as its eyes are glazed and hungry, hungry for me. The metal cab of my truck, I assume, will provide only a second of life before its mammothian legs pierce through to tear me out of my own cocoon.

Bushes of berries so unbelievably heavy with color yet devoid of any tongue to please trap me going forward, nothing but forward, further into the road until I manage to find myself at my destination: a Fry's parking lot inhaling two cans of duster at once through my shirt.

Something I shouldn't know is whenever I go overboard with the inhalants I start to get psyched out about spiders. I learned this recently, too. Sometime between me meeting with my friend and now I thought a little too much about whippets and whatnot until those thoughts turned the tide into habit. I catch a glimpse of my backseat full of empty nitrous cartridges, which is enough for me to decide to leave this car exactly where it is. The car probably wasn't mine in the first place. Same with whatever happened in 2008. It wasn't 2008, it was 2001, and it wasn't even in April, more like sometime in May.

Wherever I'm going now has got me feeling like a fucked up Diogenese. Like I am *the* fucked up Diogenese. Hate to say this but that's not a new feeling. Well, the *fucked up* bit is new. I've been a Diogenese before but not anything like this. See the previous bit about my savage journey to the heart of the American dream through the streets with a typewriter; though this is something new. Something festering in the dark corners of whatever's left of my brain. Something that doesn't have the gall to admit there's wrong and right. Something with eight eyes, eight legs, and three body segments. Something that can't bear to show itself in the light of day. Something that loves human blood, but

can't muster the courage to go out and forage. Something that was shoved into a dank cave as a baby and used the time in between moments to grow and become so large that now it couldn't leave the cave even if it tried. Something quivering, unmistakable, and absolutely new. There is not a doubt in my mind it is new, and this thought seeds distrust in my soul as deep as a seed can go, which makes me colder than cold, freezing at times. Often I can't feel my fingers or toes even when draped like royalty, which leads me back to a liquid: shining, gold, unbeatable. I can't, it's killing me, death is no friend of mine. So with great valor I watch the liquid seep down the drain with smoldering hurricanes. It's making me dizzy, which is making me shake. I gotta lay down.

12:45 AM, date unimportant; I'm not telling anyone I know about this anyway. I'm working night-shift overtime at my IT firm sorting through dozens of files and whatnot looking for ones of relevancy to the case I'm on. Some big name is getting audited and I'm stuck with the dirty work. It's horrible and I hate every second of it, but I need the money. Time is money, so you could say I'm one minute away from losing my bed. I've been housed, I've been unhoused, so believe me when I say I'm beginning to think the struggle of keeping this apartment is not worth it.

I've had at least a couple shots, I've had a redbull, I'm working harder than I've ever worked, probably pretty sloppily, when I come across a spreadsheet boasting a file size doubling the average. Opening it up doesn't reveal much more than thousands

of cells full of three numbers separated by coordinates. Brief investigation reveals that in the bottom right of the grid is a hyperlink leading to a second page sporting the same get up numbers but with different values. This trend recurs hundreds of times, and I'm sure it would have continued to thousands had I not almost puked on my keyboard.

My hair scrapes the surface of the toilet water while I heave my hard working concoction back up. Gorges of stress run through my stomach and up into my head as I spit out pulses of puke of absolut and redbull. I'm a little disappointed at all this. I wanted all that inside me for as long as they could be there, but here they are prematurely back into the air of the world, on their final up and out, not even as something I can intake again. I've been in this position too many times to count, though every time it's just as disappointing. There's still caffeine in there to dilate my blood vessels. There's still ethanol in there to pass through my blood brain barrier more easily because of the caffeine; but I am locked away from it by a barrier of self appreciation. No one should drink their own vomit, not even me. That is a line I can not cross.

Only after puking up every last fluid in my body would I have been able to get up. but I wasn't. Instead I laid on the cold tile floor wishing some non existent friend could find me and pull me up and bring me back to the room with the music so I can flop on something more comfortable that a sweetheart couple is getting intimate on. Wishing that maybe when I do flop onto that couch

they'll figure out there's better places to mount each other than on the couch of a strangers house surrounded by even more strangers, then making their way to the second best place, which is the room of the absent parents that already has three other couple waiting in line outside the door. Wishing that after all of this, someone will find me attractive enough, even while chemically depreciated and laying half conscious on the couch, to bring me back to their own bed far, far away from all the lights and the smoke and the ear exploding music and teach me lessons about things I'll soon stop believing in.

Behind this micron thin veil of perception is something. I'm still figuring this out. The vodka is helping I think. It's where all things powerful and unseen come from. Twisting, forming, shifting, purple mostly. A thriving ecosystem of spirits vying for influence. I can only hope to be the target, for which, I unfortunately can not, which makes me sad. I think I'm sad. I can barely feel much beyond a burn in my legs while I lumber back to my swollen feet.

These feet have taken me many places. A lot of places I would rather they have not, though if all my wishes came true I wouldn't be here in this bathroom building the courage to engage in one terrifying step forwards back to my desk. That desk, whatever wood or plastic it's composed of, whatever dimensions its designer saw fit to give it, has unfortunately been there to mock my progress in the corporate ladder of this IT firm every minute of every day I've worked here. I would like to burn this place down.

If I ever do that, maybe I won't tell my coworkers until they smell the smoke.

This will never happen though. I'm a coward. Instead I burn my nerves with cheap one hundred poof. This fire burns clear, clean; unseen and effective. No smoke, unsmellable, unseeable, unbe-able, yet I manage to be it. Embodied by my own body I reluctantly gave up years ago to equally unseen winds of silent desire.

I am the vessel of dreams and the graveyard of hope. I am the idea of progress and the truth in pain. But the pain I could live by is instead devoured by loathing, leaving me without much truth at all. Even while I scour my memories for how to initiate one step forward (that's right fuckers, I found the courage) I am left with the outline of a synopsis of a shape of an echo of a bug like movement given to an appendage that happens to be attached to my right hip. Do I even still have a right hip? I've never felt my right hip, which leads me to believe I never had one. I don't think I ever had a left femur either. Nor have I ever had a sternum, central incisors, or left ulnar collateral ligament. If I could choose what part of my body to never have had, I would choose my diaphragm, maybe my right foot too, which is now tickling the floor with its heel whaling forwards. Something I didn't think was possible. I felt that the bathroom floor was my final resting place. Maybe in the morning they would have found my body. They would have taken it away to a coroner, my old friend, who would then perform an autopsy to discover I died of over exposure from years of

renegading as a vessel for loves and beliefs that have nothing to do with being a renegade, and everything to do with addiction. But in the throws of such a life, revelations about lifestyle don't matter very much. Maybe then when they discover my cause of death they'll crumple me up like an old tissue and throw me out. After reading the story on my skin they'll know that even if they tell me exactly when and how I died it will have no meaning. I would be dead, how could I care? That's something I should have figured out before I died.

Ch. 2.3

"Somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly, a girl with kaleidoscope eyes"
- The Beatles

I've found myself delving into a small handheld mirror I found many years back. It was laid out like a dead body on the asphalt my bus had just dropped me off at. How could it have gotten there? I'm pondering this right now. It can't have been by chance. It's silver with ornate floral vines designing the handle and frame. The mirror itself is wobbly, almost falling out of the metal with a scuff in the upper left area where the mirror material has rubbed off, leaving only glass to be peered through.

It's cold. So very cold. Like a wind blowing through me. I am alone it feels like, but I know someone is here with me in spirit. I don't know who though. I've been knocking because of this. Every time I remember to knock three times on the wall or desk I'm near.

Well… Shit. The steps following the first came pretty fluently. Not easily; shit was grueling, but my body's been through flashes of murderous vibrations enough to trust its instincts, even in the face of alcohol poisoning.

I sobered up after that night. This is my first time synthing not twisted or under the influence of psychotic mind possessing spirits. Mostly thanks to quetiapine (I guess "sober" is a stretch). Whatever's in my system now is dozens better than my daily dose of cosmic love. Grim Fuckin' Party.

In retrospect, there's not much I can comment on regarding my writings. Mostly rambling and %95 fabrications. Why, I can't tell you. Most of the drug stuff was true, as in I did actually consume them, but as for the legitimacy of the unnamed malevolent matriarch and the dead parents and the lobotomizing

energy explosion I can't think of any good explanation. They are alive and well. The last time my parents even touched pot was I think 30 years ago in high school. They would never go to a hippie acid head festival, especially not some bootleg wannabe festival that was blatantly inspired (maybe dead-plagarized) from Woodstock.

The air of clearheadedness you might have gotten from my second writing stint I can assure you felt real at the time, but upon any closer inspection will reveal itself to be yet another symptom. Grim Fuckin' Luck.

I went to a psychiatrist briefly for these symptoms after an elderly power couple found me barely aware and rambling in lizard tongues in the backseat of a smoking dark blue SUV on the shoulder of a major highway. How I got in the backseat remains a mystery. How I didn't kill anyone, an enigma. Though through all of the time I spent writing and pulling stunts like this one I had a friend I called Quay. He would serve me practically any pill I could ask for, sometimes ones I didn't even know existed. Did you know methamphetamine is still, albeit rarely, given to kids to treat ADHD? It's called Desoxyn.

My crash was the straw that broke his back. His hand was practically forced. Any more pills and I could have died. My heart would have lost rhythm with the world to leave me keeled over on the sidewalk in front of some upscale restaurant downtown I was attempting to rip off. His biggest whale would have been caught and sold for blubber. He's the guy who then secured me a 3 months supply of antipsychotics. Fuck all those networked yuppie doctors. Stalking money stealing fucks. Never go through main channels, that's how they get you.

"It's called Jimson Weed."
- Quay

My All-American Suicide, a finality:

In this day, the Now, the Govt. *is* religion. Post offices, DMVs, EPA headquarters are the obelisks of modern day religion of Faiths. Two arrows on the same timeline pointing to each other. Religions of Faith, most notably christianity, say the absence of god is the devil, which is perfect for a corrupt government to take advantage of. It can be simply said that without said government, everything would collapse, God's light will leave us. In doing so the govt. takes on the role of religion. This makes me the antichrist. An act of momentum in any direction free from the influence of the govt. is an act of satanism. SATANISM. It's lizards of worldly power. A nest of torn tails tangled together. Fabrics, which is what society is, of lizard skin shed through bias. Pain.

Look at those teeth. Long, boney, and shiny. It's almost like the buildings have arms, and legs (and are bodies), fully willing, even wanting to if you're particularly unlucky to lean down and pick you up and feed you to their dogs. Also made of buildings with teeth just like the lizards, who are fucking everywhere. Chameleon skin is what they love because it keeps them hidden but underneath it all their colors undulate savagely all the same. Now I wish I could fix this but I'm just one person. I have to write all this down before I forget, which I tend to do which frustrates me because these things that come to me like this feel the realest out of all the things that come to me. Maybe the world is crazy, the whole fucking world. Every person and building on this damn rock can burn in hell. It's all dust. Fucking dust.

It's all lizards of worldly power. Those veins in your arms pump dark and viscous lizard blood. LIke the blood of sick gods laughing in our somber faces. You have that blood too; you're no different than them. Jerked around by a hunk of metal all day long: God's Gun. Put it to your head, and pull the fucking trigger.

Skull Canyon

AMERICAN SUICIDE
Hellen